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The Blodgett Second Reader

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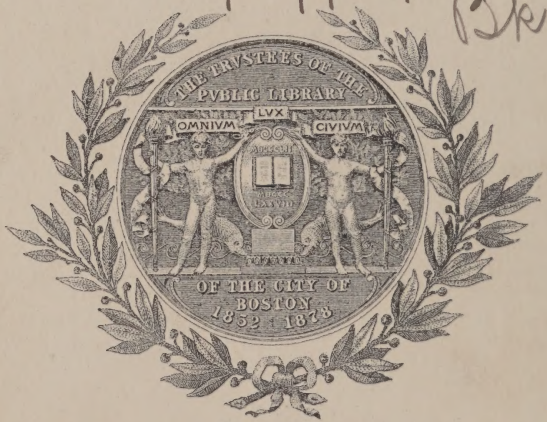

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THE BLODGETT READERS

A SECOND READER

BY

FRANCES E. BLODGETT

AND

ANDREW B. BLODGETT

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

GINN & COMPANY

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SCHOOL BOOK COLLECTION

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PREFACE

Following the plan of the Primer and First Reader the aim has been to make this Second Reader a book which children will like to read.

The nature, animal, and fairy stories touch a variety of subjects, abound in imagination, and are full of life and movement. They will stimulate a taste for the best literature.

The close relation between the text and the illustrations will incite interest and lead to quick comprehension and natural expression.

Information is plentiful, and the teacher will find that the stories readily lend themselves to question and answer, and to easy conversation.

All new words are placed at the beginning of the lessons. They are few in number and are free from markings. Children should not have permanently before them a distorted form of the word they are to learn. Diacritical marking, for teaching purposes, should be confined to blackboard illustration which may be quickly erased.

The phonic work, suggested in the Primer and First Reader, should be continued. In the development of new words and as an aid to pronunciation it is invaluable.

For the use of copyright material we gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of the following publishers: Milton Bradley Company for "Two Little Crickets," "Billy Boy," "The Little Gray Pony," "Mrs. Tabby Gray," and "The Turkey's Nest"; Charles Scribner's Sons for "Little Boy Blue"; J. B. Lippincott Company for "Moufflou"; E. P. Dutton & Co. for "The Contented Earthworms"; Educational Publishing Company for "Funny Little Tadpoles"; and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for "Why the Evergreen Trees Never Lose Their Leaves."

THE AUTHORS.

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THE

BLODGETT SECOND READER

THE STORY OF A NEST

safe	while	brought
o ri ole	eyes	nod ded

Near the children's window two birds were building a nest.

What a warm sunny place they had found in the old maple tree!

When Mrs. Oriole was too busy to leave the tree, Mr. Oriole brought her some food.

Then he sang a sweet little song while she worked.

One day the birds heard children's voices.

Their bright eyes did not have to look far, for there under the tree were two little boys.

"Look, George," said one of the boys, "see that oriole's nest. It looks like a pretty basket. Let us climb the tree and get it."

"No," said George, "I will not do that, for the nest is the birds' little home. Come upstairs to my window and there we can see them at work."

Then away the boys ran to the house.

The birds in the tree had heard every word.

At first how frightened they were!

But when little George spoke, they nodded their heads and laughed.

"That dear boy lives in this yard," said Mrs. Oriole.

"I am glad of that," said Mr. Oriole, "for now I know we are safe. I will sing him a sweet song every morning, and when our little birds come, they will sing for him, too."

THE DANDELION

wait	cool	dim pled
till	dew	hands

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play.

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?
I wait and wait while the cool dew falls
And my hair grows long and white.

And what do you do when your hair grows white
And the children come to play?
They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away.

MRS. ERSKINE.

THE FISH THAT JOHNNY CAUGHT—I

hook	pail	swim
caught	trout	river

"Little fish down in the brook,
I have caught him with my hook."

So sang Johnny as he ran into the house with a pail in his hand.

"Oh, what have you there?" asked Bessie.

"A fish, Bessie, and I am going to put him in the water with the goldfish."

"Is he pretty, Johnny?"

"No, you will not think he is pretty. He is not red and yellow, like your goldfish, but he has pretty little speckles."

"Oh, please let me see," said Bessie, jumping up and down.

"Wait till I put him in the water box, then you can see him," said Johnny.

"There, Mr. Fish, how do you like your new home?"

"Oh, he is pretty!" said Bessie. "What kind of a fish is he?"

"It looks to me like a brook trout," said grandma. "Where did you get him, Johnny?"

"I caught him in the river, grandma, near the woods."

"Poor little fish! Will he live, mother?" asked Bessie.

"I do not know, my dear. He is very much frightened just now. See how fast he swims about."

By and by mother and grandma went upstairs and Bessie ran outdoors to play with Rover in the garden.

Then Johnny sat down near the box.

He was very warm and tired.

THE FISH THAT JOHNNY CAUGHT—II

die	hill side	room
son	be cause	dream

Pretty soon the little trout spoke.

"O Johnny," he said, "I am going to die, I know I am. I can never live in this water box."

"Why not? Isn't it just as good a place as your home in the river?" asked the boy.

"The river was not my home," said the fish. "Oh, no, my home was in a brook on the hillside. The air was very sweet in my little brook home, and I was so happy there! so happy!"

"Then why did you come away?" asked Johnny.

"Because I wanted to see the river with its big sailboats. And I had never been away from home before.

"But now you have caught me and here I am — away from all the things I love.

"I shall never again see the flowers on the hillside. I shall never again hear the birds in the trees."

"Oh, yes, you shall," nodded Johnny, "for I am going to take you right back to the place where I found you.

"Then you can go back to your little brook home as fast as ever you can swim."

"Oh, will you do that?" asked the fish. "How kind you are!"

"Yes, I will," said Johnny. "It is not very nice to keep you here."

Just then Bessie ran into the room.

Johnny opened his eyes and looked all about.

Had he been asleep? Was it all a dream?

He sat and thought a long, long time.

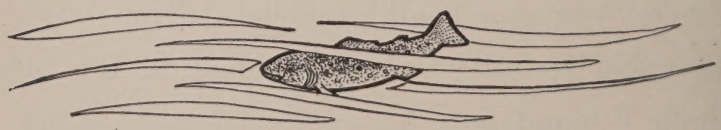
By and by his mother, looking out of the window, saw her little son go by.

He had a pail in his hand and was walking very fast.

"Where is he going, mother?" asked Bessie.

"To the river, I think, my dear."

When Bessie looked in the water box the little trout was gone.



MOTHER SPIDER AND HER BABIES — I

both	bag	for got
gate	mouth	knocked

It was a bright day in June and all the meadow people were awake.

Mother ants were busy carrying food to their babies.

Bees were flying from flower to flower for honey; while down by the garden gate, a grasshopper sang and a toad hopped in the warm sun.

All at once the little toad laughed.

"Look! look!" he said, "here comes a big spider! How fast she is running! And see if you can tell what she has in her mouth. It looks like a little white bag."

Grasshopper Green jumped out of the grass to see.

He jumped so far that — what do you think?

He knocked Mrs. Spider over.

"I am very sorry," said he. "Do you think you are hurt?"

But the spider said never a word.

She picked up the bag that had dropped from her mouth and hid away in the grass.

"My!" laughed the toad, "how frightened she was! Did you see what she had in her bag?"

"No," said the grasshopper, "but she may come back this way. Let us wait in this tall green grass and see."

But soon they both hopped under the gate and forgot all about the black spider.

MOTHER SPIDER AND HER BABIES — II

touch	hap pen	a fraid
seem	ear ly	to geth er

Early one morning the grasshopper went out for a hop.

He had not gone very far when he saw the black spider.

She was not running now and her little white bag was gone.

But she carried something on her back.

The grasshopper could not tell what it was.

"Good morning, Mrs. Spider," he called; "you seem very tired. Can I help you carry some of your things?"

"Oh, no," said the spider, "these are my dear little babies. Please do not come very near.

"I was so afraid something would happen to my little bag of eggs, and then I should never have had these dear children."

"Did you carry your eggs in a bag?" asked the grasshopper.

"Yes, and one day I fell down and dropped them, you know. But they were not hurt," said the spider.

"I am very glad to hear you say that," said the grasshopper. "I was sorry I knocked you down. I should have looked where I was going.

"But aren't you tired with carrying all your children?"

"Oh, no," said Mother Spider. "If my babies are safe and happy, I never think of being tired.

"Soon they will grow big and strong and we shall run about together. How happy we shall be then!"

"Yes, that will be very nice," said Grasshopper Green. "I have some tiny boys of my own at home, and they are growing, too. It is time I went to see them. Good day, my dear Mrs. Spider."

Then off he hopped, while brave Mother Spider went on her way.

She was looking for a breakfast for her babies.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

BED IN SUMMER

light	still	street
feet	past	clear

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, just the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PAUL WANTS A PONY

toys	a ny way	po ny
be side	noth ing	well

"Oh, dear!" said Paul one day. "I am tired of all my toys and playthings.

"My old rocking-horse is broken into pieces and I can't ride on it any more.

"I am too big to ride on a rocking-horse anyway. I wish I had a pony to play with."

"Well, my son," said his father, "are n't you always wishing for something you do not have?

"Come and sit down here beside me and I will tell you a story."

Paul liked nothing so well as a story, so he brought his little chair and sat down beside his father.

"Is it a true story?" he asked.

"Yes," said his father, "I think so."

THE STORY PAUL'S FATHER TOLD

full	prince	mud-pies
king	cas tle	ev er y thing

Long ago there was a little prince.

He was the son of a great king.

The king loved his little son and gave him all the playthings he could think of.

Now it happened that some poor boys lived near this little prince.

And every day they saw the child ride past on his beautiful black horse.

As the boys looked at him they thought, "How happy he must be! He can do everything he likes."

What he would have liked just then was to stop and play with them. But the boys did not know that.

One day when the prince looked out of the window, he saw the boys playing ball in the street.

"I think I should like to play ball," he said.

So his father gave him a nice new ball.

But there was no one to toss or catch, so playing ball was n't much fun.

Then he saw the boys flying a kite and he thought he should like a kite.

His father gave him that, too, but he soon grew tired of it.

Every now and then the little street boys would look up at the window where the child was standing.

"How we should like his fine playthings," they thought.

But the prince did not know what they thought and they did not know what he thought.

So it went on for some time.

One day his mother saw that he did not look very happy and she said to him, "What do you want, my son? The castle is full of toys and playthings, but you don't touch or look at any of them."

"O mother," said the prince, "I am tired of all my toys. I want to go and make mud-pies with the boys."

That is all of the story, Paul.

The prince wanted to make mud-pies.

The poor boys wanted the fine playthings of the prince. And you, my son, would like a pony.

It is true that every one wants something he does not have.

And after all it is not what a boy has that makes him happy.

THE LARK AND THE FARMER

laid	my self	friends
next	him self	spread

One summer a lark built her nest in a field of wheat.

She laid four speckled eggs in the nest and soon there were four little birds.

The mother bird flew off every day to find food for her babies.

One morning she said, "This wheat is ripe, my children. I think the farmer will soon cut it.

If he comes to the field to-day, do not forget to tell me all that he says."

Then she spread her wings and flew away.

While she was gone the farmer came to the field.

"This wheat is ripe," he said. "I shall cut it to-morrow if I can get my friends to help me."

When the lark came home her little ones said, "O mother! mother! the farmer has been here to look at the wheat.

"He says he will cut it to-morrow if he can get his friends to help him. What shall we do? Must we fly away?"

"Do not be afraid, my children," said the lark. "The farmer's friends will not come to help him. They will have their own work to do. We are safe for a while."

The next morning the farmer came again to the field.

"My friends did not come," he said. "Now I will go and ask my uncles to help me."

Again the little larks were frightened. That night they told their mother all they had heard.

"Must we go now?" they asked.

"No," said the mother bird. "The farmer's friends did not come to-day. His uncles will not come to-morrow. We need not fly away yet."

But the next day when the farmer came to the field he said, "My friends and uncles are not coming to help me, and this work should be done at once. To-morrow I will cut the wheat myself."

When the mother bird heard these words she said, "Now the wheat will be cut, my children. The farmer is ready to do it himself. We must fly away at once."

So all the larks spread their wings and flew away together.

Adapted.

THE WIND

nei ther	through	bow
trem bling	pass ing	nor

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE RABBIT'S STORY

Bun ny	cat	such
far ther	a long	watch

I will tell you a story about myself.

I am a rabbit and my name is Bunny.

A little boy owns me and he is kind to me, but sometimes he forgets to give me a drink.

Early one morning when I was out looking for water I saw a white cat.

She was sitting under an old willow tree in the yard.

Now I do not like cats. They have such sharp green eyes.

My eyes are soft and pink.

Well, I stopped right where I was to watch the kitty.

She did not see me. She was looking at something farther away. What could it be?

I hopped along where I could see, and there near the gate was a big black dog.

When I saw that dog I said to myself, "Bunny, it will be no fun for you if that dog sees you."

I gave one more look.

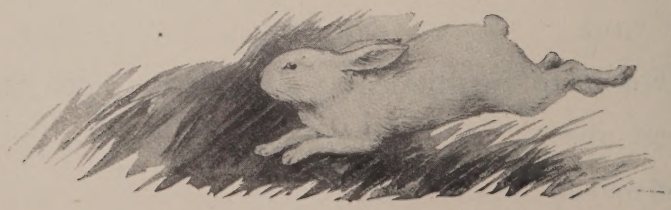
The dog was not asleep — no, he looked as if he were about to spring at the cat.

I shall never forget how frightened I was.

I did not wait to say "one, two, three," but gave a jump.

Then home I ran as fast as I could go.

I am here to tell this story, so I think the dog did not see me.



THE TREE, THE NEST, AND THE EGGS

stood pret ti est . a round branch

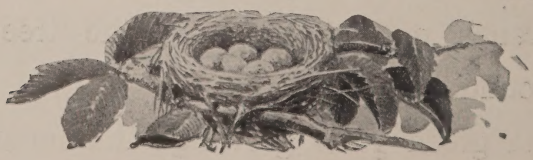
There was a tree stood in the ground,
The prettiest tree you ever did see,
With the green grass growing all around.

Now on this tree there was a branch,
The prettiest branch you ever did see, —
The branch on the tree and the tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

Now on this branch there was a nest,
The prettiest nest you ever did see, —
The nest on the branch, and the branch on the tree,
And the tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

Now in this nest there were some eggs,
The prettiest eggs you ever did see, —
The eggs in the nest, and the nest on the branch,
The branch on the tree, and the tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

Selected.



THE LEAF THAT WAS AFRAID

cry	vine	won der
leaf	shook	mat ter

One day a maple leaf was heard to cry, as leaves sometimes do when the wind is about.

"What is the matter?" asked the branch on which the little leaf grew.

"Oh," said the leaf, "the wind has just told me that some day he will come and blow me away."

Then the branch told the tree, and the tree laughed till it shook all over.

"Tell that little leaf," said Mother Tree, "not to be afraid; to hang on and it shall not go till it wants to."

When the maple leaf heard this, it stopped crying and sang and danced in the sunshine.

And so it grew from day to day.

By and by it saw that all the other leaves were growing very beautiful.

Some were yellow and some were red, and some were both yellow and red.

"I wonder what is going to happen," said the leaf.

"I will tell you," said the tree. "It is autumn now. The leaves are getting ready to fly away.

"They wear their pretty dresses because their work is done."

Then the little leaf wanted to go, too, and grew very beautiful in thinking about it.

Soon a strong wind came and the leaf let go.

The wind carried it and laid it to sleep beside a rose vine.

And the leaf never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. (*Adapted.*)

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

o'er	con tent	earth y
knew	flut ter ing	blan ket

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold, —
Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

Dancing and flying the little leaves went;
Winter had called them and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a blanket over their heads.

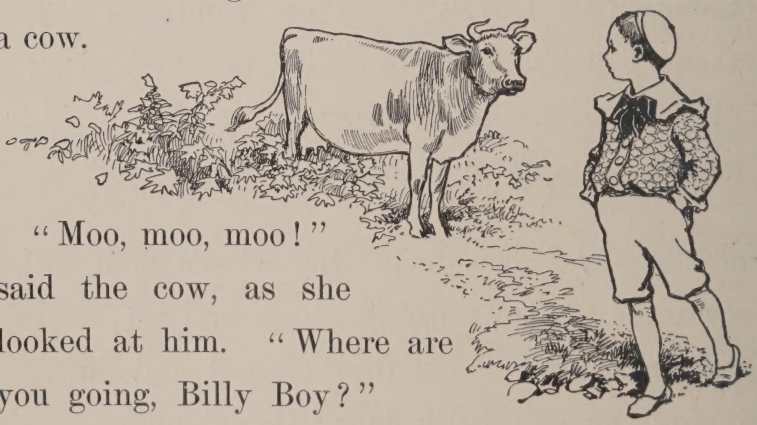
GEORGE COOPER.

BILLY BOY SEEKS HIS FORTUNE—I

met	fol lowed	road
seek	for tune	moo

Once upon a time a boy named Billy went out to seek his fortune.

He had not gone far on the road when he met a cow.



"Moo, moo, moo!" said the cow, as she looked at him. "Where are you going, Billy Boy?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune," said Billy.

"May I go too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the cow followed on after Billy Boy.

They went along a little way farther and met a dog.

"Bow, wow, wow!" said the dog. "Where are you going, Billy Boy?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the dog followed on after Billy Boy.

They went along a little way farther and met a pussy cat.

"Meow, meow, meow!" said the cat. "Where are you going, Billy Boy?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the cat followed on after Billy Boy.

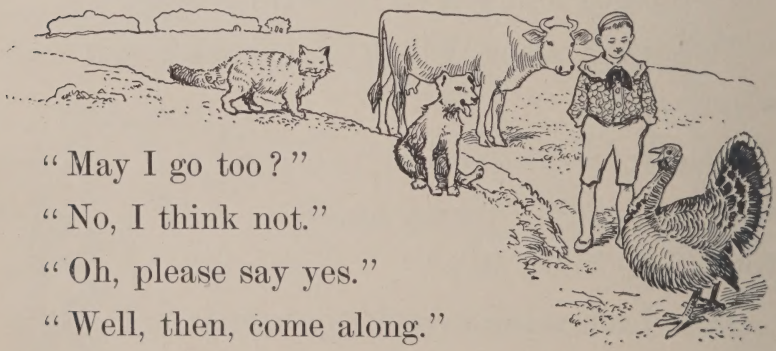
BILLY BOY SEEKS HIS FORTUNE — II

dark	be gin	a ny thing
bark	mew	e ven ing

They went along a little way farther and met a turkey.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said the turkey. "Where are you going, Billy Boy?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."



"May I go too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

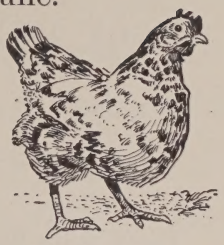
"Well, then, come along."

So the turkey followed on after Billy Boy.

They went along a little way farther and met a hen.

"Cackle, cackle, cackle!" said the hen. "Where are you going, Billy Boy?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."



"May I go too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the hen followed on after Billy Boy.

All day long they walked together through the fields and meadows.

And that evening, just as it was growing dark, they came to some woods.

"I am not afraid of the dark," said Billy. "If anything should frighten me I will just begin to whistle."

"And I will begin to moo," said the cow.

"And I will begin to bark," said the dog.

"And I will begin to mew," said the cat.

"And I will begin to gobble," said the turkey.

"And I will begin to cackle," said the hen.

"Very well," said Billy. "We need not be afraid."

So on they went into the woods.

BILLY BOY SEEKS HIS FORTUNE — III

noise	a woke	hill
be gan	what ev er	side

They had not gone far when they heard a great noise.

Billy thought it was a bear.

Then he began to whistle.

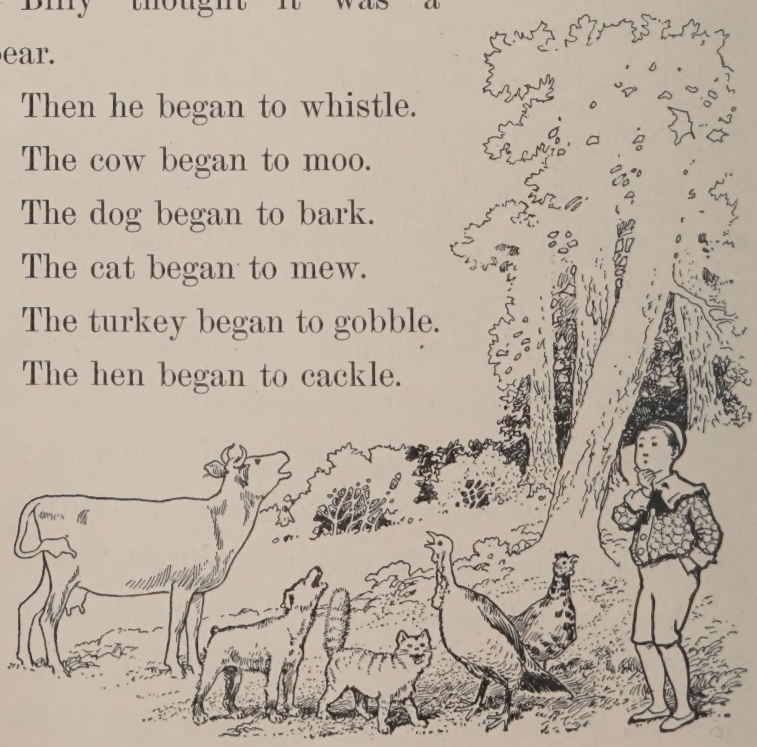
The cow began to moo.

The dog began to bark.

The cat began to mew.

The turkey began to gobble.

The hen began to cackle.



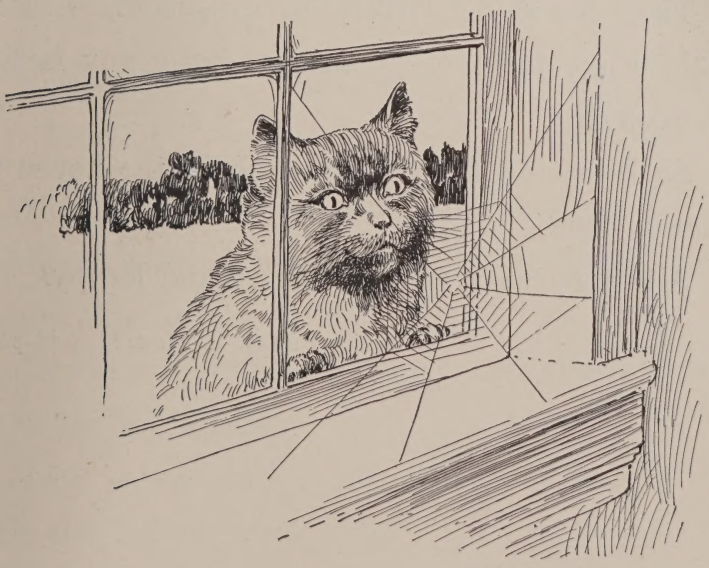
And they all made such a noise that the bear, or whatever it was, ran away as fast as it could go.

By and by Billy and his friends came to a hill in the woods; and on the hill there stood a house.

"What a fine place to stay all night!" said Billy Boy.

"But what if there should be some people living in the house?" said the cow.

"I will go and peep in at the window," said the cat. "With my green eyes I can see in the dark."



So the cat went up to the window and peeped in.

Soon she came back and said, "There is no one at home, and it does n't look as if any one had lived there for a long, long time."

So Billy and his friends went into the house.

They were all so tired that soon they were fast asleep.

When Billy awoke the next morning he found a nice garden at the side of the house.

Then he said: "Here is everything I need. This is my fortune. I am not going any farther to seek it."

So Billy and his friends lived in the house for many years.

And they were very contented and happy.

JANE L. HOXIE. (*Adapted.*)

SOME BABIES THAT LIVED IN THE WOODS

a live	moss es	fair y
ferns	hid den	a wak en

When Jack Frost first came around one autumn, some little babies were afraid they would die of the cold.

They were the baby ferns and mosses that grew in the woods.

Some leaves had made them a blanket, but still the babies were cold.

While they were wondering what they should do, some snowflakes came fluttering down from the sky.

"Go to sleep; go to sleep!" said the snowflakes. "We have come to cover you up."

And soon all the plants were hidden away where Jack Frost could never find them.

When cold North Wind whistled over their heads he did not awaken them.

Safe and warm in their soft white beds, they dreamed of the sweet summer time.

Early in spring the voice of a fairy was heard in the woods.

"Come, come!" she called, "it is time to wake up. Jack Frost will soon be gone."

Then such a busy time as there was!

Mosses and ferns, grasses and flowers, were all getting ready to grow.

How glad they were to be alive!

When the sun had warmed the air and the ground they made the woods very beautiful.

WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

tints	fruits	rest
bring	lus cious	harsh

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Spring,
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," Summer said,
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Fall,
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?
"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered,
"I give them rest."

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

THE PLOW THAT IS ALIVE

plow	strange	bet ter
guess	earth worm	moves

"O mother! What have you found? Please let me see what you have in that box. Is it something for me?"

"Wait a little while, George," said his mother. "Let me tell you about it; then maybe you can guess what I have.

"Its home is always hidden away in the dark earth.

"It is alive, but it has no eyes; and it has neither feet nor wings, yet it moves about.

"Many people think it is good for nothing but food for robins and fishes. Now can you guess what I have?"

"Yes, mother, it must be an earthworm," said George. "But I don't like worms. I thought you had a butterfly."

"But," said his mother, "this little worm can do more than any butterfly.

"It plows up the ground and makes a nice soft bed for the grass and flowers."

"That is strange," said the boy. "I never saw an earthworm do anything but crawl. How can it plow, mother?"

"It makes little holes in the ground as it moves about, my son. And so the air and the rain are let in.

"One little worm cannot do much, but there are a great many worms and they are all very busy.

"Now that you know what an earthworm does, I think you will like it better."

THE BEGINNING OF A JOHNNYCAKE

sell	No ra	mill er
meal	kitch en	gro cer

One spring day Bessie went into the kitchen where Nora was busy at work, and said to her, "Please, Nora, does a johnnycake begin here? I want to make a johnnycake."

"No," said Nora, "a johnnycake begins with meal, and I get my meal from the grocer.

"If you want to begin at the beginning to make a johnnycake, I think you must go to the grocer."

So Bessie went to the grocer and said to him,

"Please, Mr. Grocer, does a johnnycake begin here? I want to make a johnnycake."

"No, Bessie," said the grocer, "I get my meal from the miller.

"If you want to begin at the beginning to make a johnnycake, I think you must go to the miller."

So Bessie went to the miller and said to him, "Please, Mr. Miller, does a johnnycake begin here? I want to make a johnnycake."

"No, Bessie," said the miller. "Meal is made from corn, and I get my corn from the farmer.

"If you want to begin at the beginning to make a johnnycake, I think you must go to the farmer."

So Bessie went to the farmer and said to him, "Please, Mr. Farmer, does a johnnycake begin here? I want to make a johnnycake."

And the farmer said, "Yes, Bessie, a johnnycake begins here. But before you can make a johnnycake I must plant some seed corn.

"Then by and by little green plants will grow from the seeds.

"All summer long these plants must grow, and not till autumn will they bear ripe corn.

"Then I shall sell the corn to the miller.

"The miller will make it into meal and sell the meal to the grocer.

"The grocer then sells the meal to the people, and the people make it into johnnycake.

"So if you want to begin at the beginning, Bessie, it will take you all summer to make a johnnycake."

THE LITTLE ANGEL

an gel	an swer	dear ly
soft ly	an oth er	smile

Right into our house one day,
A dear little angel came;
I ran to him and said softly, —
"Little angel, what is your name?"

He said not a word in answer,
But smiled a beautiful smile;
Then I said, "May I go home with you?
Shall you go in a little while?"

But mother said, "Dear little angel,
Don't leave us; oh, always stay!
We will all of us love you dearly;
Sweet angel, oh, *don't* go away!"

So he stayed and he stayed, and we love him,
As we could not have loved another.
Do you want to know what his name is?
His name is — *my little brother!*

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

JACK SEES A FAIRY—I

rug	wore	coals
cap	trou sers	used

One evening Jack lay on the rug before the fire.

It was after his bedtime and the boy was very sleepy.

As he lay there watching the bright red coals he heard a soft little voice.

"Hello, Jack," said the voice. "How do you do? How do you do? I say."

"I am very well, thank you," said Jack, "but I don't see you. Where are you?"

"Why, I am right before you," said the voice. "You could touch me if you liked. It is strange you cannot see me."

Jack looked very sharp this time, and there in the fire stood a little old man.

He wore a yellow coat and red trousers, and on his head was a red and yellow cap.

The child was so frightened at first that he trembled a little, but soon he said very softly, "Will you please tell me your name?"

"Yes," answered the old man, "my name is Hidden Sunshine, and I am a coal fairy. Have you never heard of me?"

Jack shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't think I ever have. Where did you come from? And aren't you afraid to be in that fire?"

"Oh, no," laughed the fairy, "I am used to fire. How do you like the way I am dressed?"

"Very much," said Jack. "But what are your coat and trousers made of?"

"Sunbeams," answered the fairy; "bright and shining sunbeams. These sunbeams are the fire that warms you."

"But I thought sunbeams came from the sun," said the boy.

"So they do," laughed the fairy. "I came from the sun myself once upon a time.

"But that is a long story and you would go to sleep before I could tell it."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't," said Jack. "Please tell me the story, and tell me more about your pretty name."

JACK SEES A FAIRY — II

old er	try ing	fell
world	pressed	a bove

"Well," began the fairy, "I am very, very old, — older than the hills.

"When I was a baby my name was Little Sunbeam.

"Then I lived with Father Sun in the sky.

"But that was before there were any people on the earth, Jack. Just think, there were no boys nor girls nor birds nor bees."

"It was n't a very nice place then, was it?" asked the child.

"No, I guess you would n't have liked it," said the fairy. "But I was very happy because I was very busy.

"There were many beautiful trees in the woods, and ferns and mosses grew there, too.

"My work was to help these things grow.

"You see, my dear, we were all trying to make this world a nice place, so that when you boys and girls did come here to live, you would like it."

"That was kind of you," said Jack. "But please go on with the story."

"Well," said the fairy, "as I told you, my work was to help things grow; and every day I came down to earth with many other sunbeams.

"The trees and plants were always glad to see us and wanted us to stay.

"So one day they hid us away in their leaves.

"I could n't begin to tell you how many sunbeams were hidden away; and we liked our new home so well that we never left it.

"Now you know why I am called Hidden Sunshine.

"But by and by strong winds came.

"Then the plants and trees fell to the ground, carrying us sunbeams with them; and after a time we were all covered over with sand and water.

"Then more plants and trees grew in the soft mud. And they, too, fell and were covered with earth.

"Little by little we were all pressed together, down, down, down into the ground.

"Everything above us pressed us down.

"Then all the trees grew hard and black. They did not look like trees any more.

"And there we stayed under the ground for years. I can't tell you how long. I don't know myself, for we all went to sleep."

JACK SEES A FAIRY—III

mine	changed	lamps
day light	talk ing	each

"When we awoke it was very dark, and we heard some people talking.

"They called the place we were in a mine, and they called us coal.

"Some of the men had picks and were getting out great pieces of the shining coal."

"But how could they see if it was dark down in the mine?" asked the boy.

"Oh, they had lamps," answered the fairy. "Each man had a tiny lamp on his cap."

"That is a funny place to carry a lamp," said Jack. "Is that all of the story?"

"Yes, about all," nodded the fairy.

"While the trees and plants were asleep they had been changed into coal. And we sunbeams were there hidden away in the coal.

"The men brought us all up together into the daylight. Then we were broken into little pieces and sold to the people who wanted coal fires.

"And so, you see, here I am making a nice, bright fire for you with the sunshine hidden away so long ago."

When the fairy had told the story he looked at Jack. "Well! well!" he said; "you are asleep after all."

"Oh, no, I am not," said the boy. "I have heard every word you said, but I was thinking about it.

"I thank you for your story, Hidden Sunshine, and I shall never forget you nor your name."

MOTHER EARTH'S QUILTS

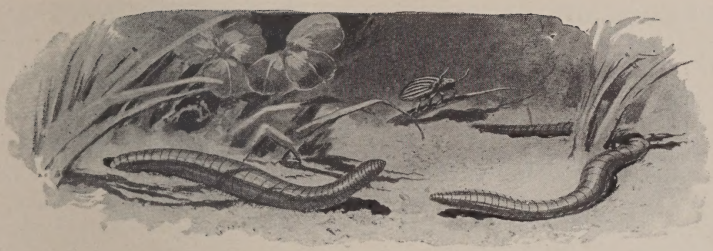
quilts	thread	sews
trun dle-bed	snow y	fold

Four quilts are ready to fold and spread
On Mother Earth's old trundle-bed.
The first, a brown and white old thing,
She spreads on in the early spring.
The summer one is green and bright
With daisies nodding in the light.
And then when winds begin to blow,
She spreads a red quilt on, you know,
And sews it through with yellow thread.
And by and by, all in a night,
She spreads her quilt of snowy white.

Selected.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE CONTENTED EARTHWORMS

bug	lis ten	with out
those	po ta to	straight

It had rained for days and days and the ground was very wet.

One morning when the rain was over, some Earthworms put their heads above the ground and began to talk together.

While they were talking a Potato Bug came along.

"You poor things," said he. "What a hard time you must have living way down in the dark earth!"

"Oh, no," said the Earthworms; "we like our home, for it is neither too hot in summer nor too cold in winter."

"But how can you be happy without any potato vines?" asked the Bug.

"Why, we have their roots," said the Earthworms. "And we have the roots of all the trees and flowers and ferns and mosses.

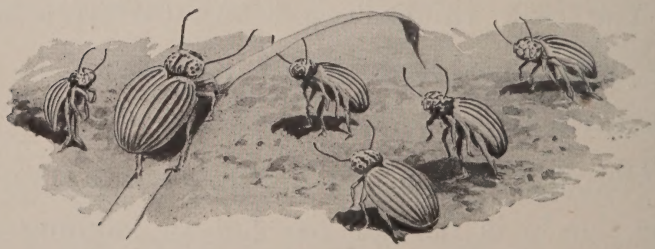
"It is like going into the woods on a cool day to crawl around them."

Then the Potato Bug went straight home to his brothers.

"Listen," he said, "we think it is the very best thing in all the world to be potato bugs; but those Earthworms would not be Potato Bugs if they could."

CLARA D. PIERSON. (*Adapted.*)

From *Among the Meadow People.*



BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

seas	a cross	pret ti er
bridg es	heav en	o ver tops

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE DAISY AND THE LARK — I

held heart sung sil ver
pet als road side kissed

Out in the country near the roadside stood a pretty farmhouse.

Before it was a garden of flowers, and roses climbed all about its doors and windows.

Not far away in the grass grew a little daisy.

The daisy never thought how little she was, or that no one would see her down there in the grass.

No; she was a very happy flower as she looked up at the blue sky and listened to the lark singing high in the air.

The tall flowers in the garden did not see this little wild flower.

They stood very straight and held their heads very high.

"How beautiful they are!" thought the daisy. "I am glad I grow so near them and can see them every day. No wonder the little birds love them!

"I am glad, too, that I can see and hear the lark. How sweet his song is! And how happy he must be that he can sing and fly!"

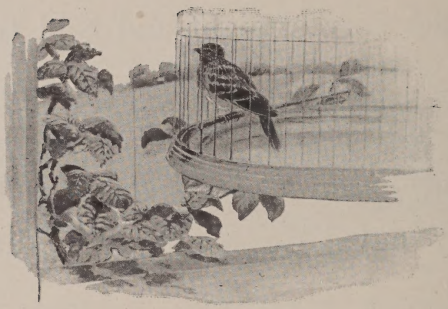
Just then the lark flew down; not down to the garden flowers, — no, but down to the little daisy by the roadside.

He danced around it and sung: "Oh, how fresh and soft the grass is! And what a beautiful flower with its golden heart and silver dress!"

Then the lark kissed the daisy and flew up again into the air.

The little wild flower was very happy. No one can think how happy!

That night she folded her petals and went to sleep, to dream of the pretty bird.



THE DAISY AND THE LARK — II

sad cage on ly free
out side last for got ten

In the morning when the daisy awoke she heard the voice of the lark, but his song was very sad.

Poor little bird! He was caught and now stood in a cage by an open window.

He sang of the happy time when he was free and could fly up into the clouds.

He sang of the fresh green fields that he should never see again.

The daisy wished very much to help him.

But what could she do? She was only a little flower.

"There is no water in the cage," sang the lark. "They have all gone away and have forgotten to give me anything to drink.

"I can hear the brook as it runs through the meadow. I can see the birds as they fly through the air. And outside in the grass is my pretty wild flower.

"Oh, why do they keep me from the things I love?"

But at last the lark was still.

His sweet voice was never heard again, for his little heart had broken.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. (*Adapted.*)

He prayeth well who loveth well
  Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
  All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all.

HOW THE MOUSE HELPED THE LION

li on	roar	gnaw	trou ble
tied	teeth	rope	fas tened

One day a lion lay asleep in the woods.

A tiny mouse, playing near by, saw him.

"What fun it would be to run up on his back," she thought. "He is so big and I am so little, he would never know it."

So up she ran on the lion's back; but when she ran down he awoke and caught her.

The poor little mouse was very much frightened.

"Please do not eat me, O lion," she said. "I was only in play. Let me go, and some day I will help you."

This made the lion laugh.

"How can a little thing like you ever be of help to me?" he asked. "But you may go. I will not hurt you."

Then away the mouse ran to its hole.

The very next day some men caught the lion and fastened him to the ground with a rope.

At this the lion began to roar.

He roared so loud that the little mouse heard him and ran to see what was the trouble.

"Why do you make that noise?" she asked.

"Can't you see?" asked the lion. "I cannot get away. Some men have tied me fast. Now they have gone to get more men to help carry me off."

"Well," said the mouse, "please keep still and I will help you. I have some very sharp teeth."

Then the mouse began to gnaw the rope.

At last she gnawed it through, and the lion was free.

"Good day," said the mouse. "Once you were kind to me. I am glad I could do something for you."

Adapted.

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT'S NAME

blew	horse shoe	twigs	rea son
Miss	coun tries	mark	blades

It was spring again and a busy time.

Grass blades were peeping here and there above the ground, and wild flowers were opening their sleepy eyes.

"Dear me!" said an old horse-chestnut tree. "I shall be glad when it is time for the other trees in this wood to awake. I want to talk with some one."

"Why, I am awake," said a little maple, "but I was trying to keep very still. Did you rest well, Mrs. Horse-Chestnut?"

"Yes, thank you, Miss Maple Tree. Before I went to sleep I covered my baby buds nice and warm. So I never had to think about them.

"See how well they are growing now! Horse-chestnut buds are always well and strong.

"By the way, Miss Maple Tree, did you ever think about my name, and wonder why I am called a horse-chestnut?"

"I don't know that I ever did," said the maple. "But I have heard that in some countries horse-chestnuts are made into meal, and horses eat the meal."

"That is true," nodded the horse-chestnut, "but there is another reason."

Just then a harsh wind broke off some of Mrs. Horse-Chestnut's twigs.

It blew them along till they rested at the foot of the maple.

"Well! well!" laughed the horse-chestnut, "the wind has helped me this time. I wonder if he knew what we were talking about.

"Now look at my twigs, dear maple.

"Wherever a leaf has dropped off you will find a little mark.

"The mark is like a horseshoe, and that is one reason I am called a horse-chestnut."

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE MOON

moon reach al most lad der
slow ly face bright ly

Pretty moon, your face I see
Just above the garden tree.
Are you smiling now for me,
Moon so brightly smiling?

Yellow moon, so bright, so near,
In the sky so soft and clear,
I can almost reach you here —
Moon so softly shining!

Bring the ladder, strong and new.
Now I know what I will do:
I will climb and sail with you —
Moon so slowly sailing!

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FAIRY STORY

fair y land	an i mals	lift ed	rode
won der ful	aft er noon	curls	most

Listen, mother, and I will tell you a story.

One afternoon a little girl was playing in the yard with her kitty, when a fairy rode by in a cloud.

The fairy had long golden curls and a beautiful face.

"Come," she said; "come right along with me."

Then she lifted the little girl up into the cloud and away they sailed in the air.

And what do you think, mother dear? I was that little girl myself.

Pretty soon we came to fairyland where I saw the most wonderful things.

There were roses all growing wild, and trees full of beautiful birds.

Lions and lambs were playing together, and little gray squirrels were running about.

But all the animals loved each other, and no one was afraid.

Shall I tell you about the houses?

They were made of gold and silver, and little fairies came flying out.

They brought their fairy sleds, and we rode downhill together.

At the foot of the hill I saw a store.

And what do you think they had in that store? Just two things, — candy and dolls.

Well, by and by it was time to come home, so the fairy brought me back.

And you never knew I had been away, did you, mother dear?

You thought I was asleep in the swing.

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER — I

leg	be come	large	al so
tin	mus kets	ta ble	dust

Once upon a time there were some tin soldiers.

They all wore red coats and blue trousers and carried little muskets.

It was a little boy's birthday, and the soldiers were a birthday present.

He began taking them out of their box and placing them on the table.

"How fine they are!" he thought. "And how nice and straight they stand!"

At last he came to a soldier that had only one leg.

But this soldier stood as well on his one leg as the others on their two.

And it is this same little soldier with only one leg that I am going to tell you about.

On the table with the soldiers were many other toys, but the prettiest of all was a large paper castle.

It had windows that you could see through, and by an open door stood a pretty dancing doll. She also was made out of paper.

The tin soldier saw her at once and thought he should like to bow.

But just then the little boy came and carried him off.

He put him beside a window where the wind was blowing hard, and before the soldier had time to think, down he fell to the ground.

The little boy ran into the street and looked all about in the grass. But the soldier lay in the road and was all covered over with dust.

If he had called very loud, "Here I am," the child would have found him.

But he was a brave soldier, so he would not cry out for help.

Soon it began to rain and the boy ran into the house.

It grew very dark as night came on.

"What will become of me now?" thought the soldier.

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER — II

near ly	gut ter	end	mar ket
round	cried	drain	swal lowed

Early the next morning two boys were going to market.

"Look," cried one of them, "there is a tin soldier. Let us give him a sail in the gutter."

So they made a boat out of paper and put the soldier in it.

Away down the gutter he sailed, while the two boys ran beside him.

The boat rocked up and down, and once it nearly went over.

At last the water ran into a drain, where it was as dark as the tin soldier's box.

"I wonder what will become of me now," he thought.

Pretty soon he heard a great noise, and then he saw daylight at the end of the drain.

But the water was falling into the sea, and the boat was going with it.

The poor soldier was trembling all over, but he looked very brave. His face never changed, and he still held his musket.

Round and round the paper boat went, and at last it fell to pieces.

The water was up to the soldier's head, when a big fish caught and swallowed him.

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER—III

proud	dark er	a ble	sur prised
fall en	e nough	e ven	trav eled

"This is a very dark place," thought the soldier.

"It is darker even than the drain, and there is not room enough to move. But I am glad this fish is able to swim. Maybe he will carry me home."

The next day the fish was caught and sent to the kitchen for dinner.

How surprised Nora was to find the tin soldier!

She carried him into a room where a little boy was playing and — how many strange things do happen in this world!

There he was, in the very same room where he had fallen out of the window.

There were the same children, the same playthings, and the same pretty castle with the little paper doll at the door.

Every one was glad to see him because he had traveled about so much.

But the little tin soldier was not at all proud.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. (*Adapted.*)

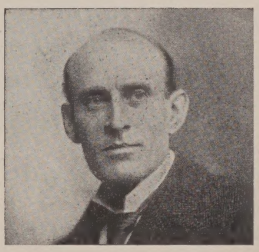
---

which ev er doth east west

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

speak	be longed	Fri day	small
wrote	Eu gene Field	po et ry	of ten

"Oh, dear! what shall I do, mother? Miss Brown wants me to speak a piece in school next Friday afternoon.



"She wants me to learn some poetry, but I don't like poetry and I know I cannot learn it."

"Don't say that, my dear," said her mother. "You never know what you can do till you try.

"Here is a book of poetry. Just look it through. You may like it better than you think."

So Mary opened the book and the first thing she saw was a picture.

It was a picture of ever so many dolls.

There were great big dolls, middle-sized dolls, tiny little dolls, large boy dolls, small black dolls, and old grandma dolls.

"Oh, what a funny picture!" she said. "Tell me about it, mother, will you please?"

"Yes, my dear, all those dolls belonged to Mr. Eugene Field.

"Mr. Field was a man who loved boys and girls, and wrote many beautiful stories for them to read.

"Children liked the stories and often wrote to Mr. Field telling him so.

"Sometimes they sent him a present of one of their dolls.

"He thought very much of the dolls because his little friends had sent them.

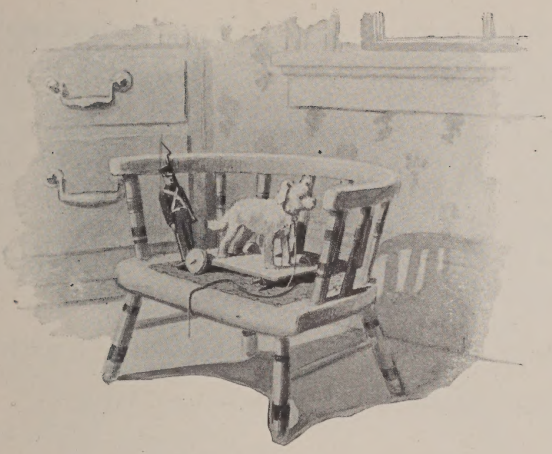
"Now, would n't you like to read one of his stories?

"See, here is one about Little Boy Blue.

"Mr. Field wrote it soon after one of his little sons died.

"It is poetry, but I think you will like it.

"If you do, you can learn it and speak it on Friday."



LITTLE BOY BLUE

rust tod dling faith ful since
fair a wait ing molds

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But old and gray he stands:
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys;
And as he was dreaming, an angel's song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Yes, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

EUGENE FIELD. From *With Trumpet and Drum.*

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

OUR RUBBER BALLS

tak en	heat	dry	stick y
rub ber	whose	else	re mem ber

How many of you boys and girls have rubber balls?

Did you ever wonder where the rubber comes from?

Was it made, or did it grow?

The picture at the beginning of this story will tell you about it.

There are tall trees with pails hanging on them.

The pails have been put there to catch the sap that runs from the trees.

This sap is made into rubber.

Do you remember another tree whose sap is made into something you like?

In the North the rubber tree is only a house plant.

But in the South, where there is never any winter, it grows to be very large.

The sap is thick and white like milk. It is also very sticky.

The men in the woods have built a fire. They will heat the sap over the fire.

When it becomes dry and hard it is rubber.

Then it is taken to the mills where it is cut and washed and pressed.

When it is dry again it is made into balls and dolls and bags.

Can you think of anything else made of rubber?

DAISIES

town	dot	gath er	stars
skies	la dy	o ver head	a rise

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

TWO LITTLE CRICKETS — I

mu sic	shin y	fid dles	Screa kaw
hur ry	crick ets	self ish	our selves

Once upon a time two little crickets lived in a meadow.

They wore shiny brown coats, shiny brown trousers, and shiny brown caps on their heads.

Under their wings they carried tiny brown fiddles.

One bright morning in autumn one of the crickets stood in the middle of the meadow thinking.

And after he had thought a long time this is what he said to himself: "Cheer-up," — that was his name, — "of what good are you, anyway?

"You do nothing but eat and play, and hop about the meadow all day long.

"I can't see that any one is better because of your having lived.

"Now is it fair that you should make nice little music on your fiddle just to please yourself all the time?

"I have it," he cried at last.

"I will call brother Screakaw, and as two heads are better than one, maybe together we can find something to do."

So Cheer-up Cricket climbed a tall grass blade as fast as he could.

Then taking his fiddle from under his wing he began to play.

Soon Screakaw heard the music and came hopping along as fast as his little brown legs could carry him.

"Good morning, Cheer-up," he said, with a smile. "You seem in a very great hurry. Is anything the matter?"

"Yes," said Cheer-up, "you and I have been two selfish crickets.

"Ever since I can remember we have played and sung from morning till night, just to please ourselves.

"Neither one of us has ever thought about any one else.

"Now what can we do to make some one happy?"

Screakaw knew just the thing, as Cheer-up thought he would.

"We will hop to the road," he said, "and play to the people who go by. Even if they don't see us, our playing may make them glad."

So the two crickets hopped to the roadside and began to play on their fiddles.

"Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer-up!"

"Screakaw, screakaw, screakaw!"

TWO LITTLE CRICKETS — II

sick doc tor loud er
sigh bug gy hos pi tal cross done

By and by down the road came a doctor's buggy.

The doctor had been out a long way into the country. Now he was going back to town.

"Come, Cheer-up, let us hurry across the street," said Screakaw. And together they jumped, but not in time to cross.

Right into the doctor's buggy they flew, and because they were so tiny the doctor did not see them.

On and on went the doctor, and on and on went the crickets.

At last they came to a hospital where many sick people were waiting for the doctor.

Now the doctor loved the sick people and liked to make them happy.

On his way home he had gathered some golden-rod to put in the room where they lay.

Cheer-up and Screakaw were hidden away in the golden-rod; and the doctor carried both flowers and crickets into the hospital.

How happy the sick people were when they saw those yellow field flowers!

One dear old lady said with a sigh, "If I could only hear the crickets sing, as they do where those flowers grew, I think it would make me well again."

Cheer-up and Screakaw heard her, looked at each other, and then began to play. And such sweet meadow music was never heard before.

They began softly at first, "Cheer-up, cheer-up! Screakaw, screakaw!" then a little louder: "Cheer-up! Screakaw!"

That evening when the doctor came back, he found the tired old lady had fallen asleep and was smiling in her dreams.

Cheer-up and Screakaw had done their work.

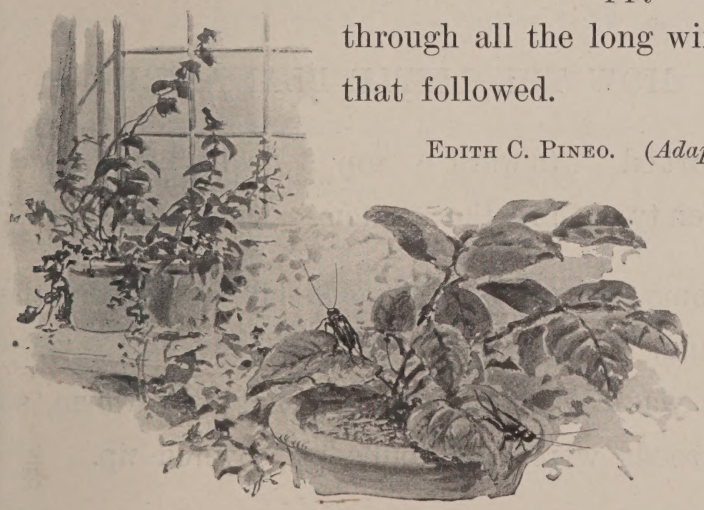
Now they stood in the middle of the table looking at the doctor.

When he saw them he said, "You have brought sleep and rest into this room and have done what I have not been able to do for many days."

Then he carried them over to a great sunny window where many plants were growing.

And here the crickets found a happy home through all the long winter that followed.

EDITH C. PINEO. (*Adapted.*)



HOW THE LITTLE PLANT GREW

start ed	to ward	top	whis pered
plen ty.	breathe	stem	morn ing-glo ry

Some morning-glory seeds lay asleep in the ground.

It was early in spring and not very warm, so the seeds were glad to be all covered up.

But one day the raindrops whispered it was time to awake, and one little brown seed started to grow.

First it sent a tiny root farther down into Mother Earth's great bed.

And then a small green stem climbed up toward the bright daylight.

At last it came to the top of the ground and out peeped two little leaves.

How glad the plant was to breathe the fresh air!

It called out, "Oh, roots, work hard! Give me plenty of food that I may grow very fast."

So the roots sent sap up through the stems, and more leaves grew in the sunshine.

"Work, work, work," sang roots, stem, and leaves.

And the little plant grew into a tall green vine with many beautiful blossoms.

THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN — I

known Feb ru a ry 12 log born
door way A bra ham Lin coln a side skin

One cold morning in February the wind was whistling outside a little schoolhouse.

It was nearly time for school to be out when Miss Brown said, "Come, children, lay aside your books and listen while I tell you a story.

"There is only time to begin the story, but if you like it, this afternoon I will tell you the rest.

"What day is to-morrow, does any one know?"

"Friday," said Jack.

"Vacation day," said George.

"It is February 12 and Lincoln's birthday," said Robert.

"Yes, it is Lincoln's birthday," said Miss Brown, "and that is why we have no school.

"But who can tell me when Mr. Lincoln lived, or how old he would be on his birthday to-morrow?"

"I don't know that," said Jack, "but I know he used to be President."

"That is true," said Miss Brown, "but the story I am going to tell you to-day is about Mr. Lincoln when he was a little boy.

"I want you boys and girls to know how many hard things he had to do, and how well he always did them.

"So now I will begin the story.

"Far away in the woods there once stood a small log house with only one room.

"It had neither doors nor windows, and in winter the cold wind blew just as it is doing now.

"Then the people who lived in the house used to hang a great bearskin over the doorway to keep out the snow.

"It was in this poor log house on February 12 that a baby boy was born, who was one day to be known all over the world.

"This little boy was named Abraham.

"The child grew very fast, and it was not long before he could run about the woods and pick the wild flowers that grew near his home.

"Abraham had no toys to play with, so he learned to love the birds and the rabbits, and they were his very best friends.

"As he grew older he saw that his mother was always hard at work.

"In the winter she had little Abe's coats and trousers to make, besides doing the housework.

"And in the spring she had the corn and potatoes to plant.

"Poor tired mother!

"How proud Abraham was when he was old enough to help her!

"A great many things that would seem hard to you, he learned to do very well.

"He ran to the brook for pails of water.

"He plowed the ground for the garden and gathered wood for the fire.

"Often, while he and his mother were working together, she would tell him some of the beautiful stories she had read.

"For Mrs. Lincoln could read, and that was something very few people living back there in the woods could do.

"As Abraham listened to these stories he thought how nice it would be if he could read them himself. And his mother said he should learn.

"Now, children," said Miss Brown, "it is time to go home.

"If you wish to hear the rest of the story, come a little early this afternoon."

THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN — II

hunt	stud y	truth	how ev er
clothes	teach	meat	stud ied

When Miss Brown opened the schoolroom door that afternoon she smiled and was happy, for every girl and boy was there.

"Strange as it may seem," she began, "once in this great country of ours there were few towns, few churches, few stores, and few schools.

"Away off where little Abe lived there were none of these things.

"There were also very few books, and many grown people could neither read nor write.

"Every one had to wórk so hard to live that there was little time for study.

"Fathers and sons must go far into the woods to hunt wild animals; for their meat was good for food and their skins could be made into clothes.

"What busy days those were!

"I wonder how many of you boys would be happy in living as Abraham did.

"He had little time for play, but he did not think of that.

"What he wanted most was to learn to read.

"How proud he was when his mother began to teach him!

"After a time a school was started near Abraham's home, and to this school he was sent.

"He had to go through woods where bears were often seen. But it would have taken more than bears to keep him away.

"Grown people went to this school, but little Abe could read and spell better than any of them.

"His school days were soon over, however, for his father needed him at home.

"The child was sorry for this, but he did not give up.

"He still studied evenings when his day's work was done, and he did his best to remember all that he learned.

"But," said Miss Brown, "there was something his mother said to him when he was a little boy that I think he remembered better than all he read.

"I think, too, that it did more than anything else to make him the great man that he was.

"These were her words: 'Mother wants her little boy to always speak the truth and be kind to every one.'

"Abraham Lincoln died many years ago, children, but he will always be loved for the many kind things that he did.

"Some day I shall be glad to tell you more about him.

"Now you may take up your books."

"O Miss Brown! you forgot to tell us one thing," said Jack. "You forgot to tell us how old Mr. Lincoln would be on his birthday to-morrow."

"No," said Miss Brown, "I did not forget. But that is something I wish you to find out and tell me."

CLYTIE

shore	cave	floor	Cly tie
shells	drove	A pol lo	un fold ed

Long ago in the days of Apollo there lived a little water fairy named Clytie.

Her home was in a cave down in the sea where the goldfish lived.

She had never seen the moon nor the stars nor the great round sun in the sky.

But she was a happy little fairy and loved her home in the sea.

Sometimes she played with the pink and white shells that lay on the floor of her cave; and sometimes she drove through the water in a pretty seashell boat.

Her horses were two little goldfish.

One evening when she was taking a ride she fell fast asleep.

On and on went the goldfish straight up toward the top of the water.

They traveled all night, and when Clytie awoke her boat lay near the shore.

How surprised she was to see the green earth!

She climbed out of her shell and sat down to look at the sky.

Soon, overhead in the east, came the great sun god Apollo.

He smiled, and the world began to grow light.

Birds sang in the tree tops and plants unfolded their buds.

Clytie watched all day till the Sun went to sleep in the west.

After that she came very often to see the beautiful Sun rise.

She loved his bright face because he made every one happy.

How she wished she were like him!

At last a strange thing happened.

One night when she was ready to go home, she could not move her little feet.

They had changed to tiny roots that held her fast to the ground.

Her dress of soft sea-moss had changed to large green leaves, and her bright yellow hair had become the golden petals of a flower.

Clytie had her wish to be like the Sun.

She was changed into a beautiful sunflower.

FALLING SNOW

bare	ledg es	wall	lad en
lie	fill ing	bush es	sight

See the pretty snowflakes
Falling from the sky;
On the wall and housetops
Soft and thick they lie.

On the window ledges,
On the branches bare;
Now how fast they gather,
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,
Where the grass was green;
Covered by the snowflakes,
Not a blade is seen.

Now the bare black bushes
All look soft and white,
Every twig is laden, —
What a pretty sight! *Selected.*

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY — I

clip pet y	clap	lost	smooth
black smith	tune	i ron	hur ried

There was once a man who owned a gray pony.

Every morning, while the dew was on the daisies, the man would jump on his little gray pony and ride away, — clippety, clippety, clap.

The pony's feet played a nice little tune on the smooth, hard road.

And his head was always high in the air, for he was a merry gray pony and liked to go clippety, clippety, clap.

One day when the man was riding to market, he heard something fall in the road.

Looking back he saw a horseshoe, and he cried out:

"What shall I do? what shall I do?
If my little gray pony has lost a shoe?"

Then he jumped down to look at the pony's feet. Three shoes were on all right, but when he looked at the last foot he cried again:

"What shall I do? what shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe."

Then he hurried away to the blacksmith, and when he had found him he called very loud:

"Blacksmith! blacksmith! I have come to you;
For my little gray pony has lost a shoe."

But the blacksmith answered and said:

"How can I shoe your pony's feet,
Without some coal the iron to heat?"

The man was sorry when he heard this, but he left his pony and hurried away to buy the coal.

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY — II

hay	wom an	rap	driv ing
took	min er	tap	ham mered

First he went to the grocer and said to him:

"Grocer! grocer! I have come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe.
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."

But the grocer answered and said:

"Now I have apples and candy to sell,
And more nice things than I can tell;
But I have no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

The man walked away sighing and saying:

"What shall I do? what shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe."

Just then he saw a farmer going to town, and he called to him:

"Farmer! farmer! I have come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe.
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."

But the farmer answered and said:

"I have bags of corn and hay and wheat,
Something for you and your pony to eat;
But I have no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

The farmer drove away and pretty soon an old woman came along, driving some turkeys to market.

She saw the man and stopped to ask him his trouble.

When he told her, she laughed and laughed till her turkeys began to gobble.

Then she said:

"If you would know where the coal is found,
You must go to the miner who works in the ground."

The man jumped to his feet when he heard this, and, thanking the old woman, ran to the miner.

Now the miner had been working many a long day down in the mine under the ground.

He had plenty of coal ready to sell, and the man took all he could carry.

Then he hurried away to the blacksmith.

The blacksmith lighted his great red fire and hammered out a horseshoe.

He fastened it on with a rap and a tap.

And away rode the man on his little gray pony — clippety, clippety, clap.

MAUD LINDSAY. (*Adapted.*)

THE FIREFLY

AN EVENING SONG OF INDIAN CHILDREN

mer ri ly	creep	I 'll	beast
joy ful ly	guide	pay	feast

Firefly! firefly! bright little thing,
Light me to bed while my song I sing;
Give me your light as you fly o'er my head,
That I may merrily go to my bed;
Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may joyfully go to my sleep.

Come, little firefly, come little beast,
Come, and I 'll make you to-morrow a feast;
Come, little candle, that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairy bug, night's little king;
Come, and I 'll dance as you guide me along;
Come, and I 'll pay you, my bug, with a song.

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

HOW GRANDPA WAS LOST IN A FOREST—I

lap	for est	a lone	tried
set	sup per	ber ries	tricks

One evening Johnny climbed up in his grandpa's lap.

"Please tell me a story, grandpa," he said. "Tell me a story about something you did when you were a little boy."

"Well," laughed grandpa, "how would you like an Indian story?"

"Very much," said Johnny. "Is it true?"

"Yes," said grandpa, "every word of it, but it happened many years ago when I was not much older than you.

"My father and mother had just moved to the West where the country was new.

"I was the only little boy they had, and as no one lived very near us, I was often much alone.

"There were no schools anywhere around, so I studied a little at home. But father and mother were always busy at work and I used to help all I could.

"One day mother sent me up on a hill near the house to pick some berries for supper.

"I remember it was about five in the afternoon when Watch and I started.

"Watch was my dog, and he always followed wherever I went.

"The berries were large, and it did not take long to fill my two little pails.

"Then I whistled for Watch, but he did not hear me.

"He had seen a wild rabbit away in the woods and was trying hard to catch it.

"Ever since I owned Watch I had tried to teach him better tricks, but he would never let rabbits alone.

"Well, after whistling and calling, I set my pails down under the bushes and ran for the woods myself.

"I hurried as fast as I could, but I could not catch up with that dog.

"I don't know how far I ran, but it must have been a very long way.

"At last the rabbit ran under a log and there the poor thing stayed.

"Then I lay down on the ground, for I was all tired out.

"I lay there some little time looking up at the trees and watching a pretty gray squirrel.

"But by and by I remembered the berries and that mother would be waiting supper; so I jumped up and started for home.

"Watch and I ran on and on through the woods, till I wondered we did not come in sight of the fields.

"The trees were thick all around us, and it was now growing dark.

"What if we had not come the right way!

"The thought frightened me so that I began trembling all over.

"Just then I remembered something father had said, — that I was never to go into the woods without him.

"He said the woods were a great forest where many wild animals lived.

"I knew that was true, for once that summer he had taken me with him when he had gone there to hunt.

"How could I have forgotten his words!

"I was afraid we were lost, but I would not give up.

"It grew darker and darker. I could not see where to go and pretty soon I fell."

HOW GRANDPA WAS LOST IN A FOREST—II

tent	wig wam	poles	squaw
smoke	burn ing	in side	un less

"When I tried to get up I could not stand on my foot. I had hurt it in falling.

"Now I knew that Watch and I must stay in the woods all night, unless some one came and found us.

"I tried to be brave, but I cried just a little.

"Soon the moon came up and I could see the stars through the trees.

"Then I thought of father and mother and wondered what they were doing at home.

"All at once Watch began to bark and I knew that he heard some one coming. Was it father looking for me?

"I called his name over and over so he would know where we were. But soon a strange man rode in sight. It was a big Indian.

"Many Indians lived in the West, but I had never seen one before.

"This man had a kind voice, so I was not afraid.

"When I told him my trouble he lifted me up on his horse and put a nice warm blanket around me.

"He said he was on his way home and would take me there for the night. The next day he would find where I lived.

"Well, after a long ride we came in sight of his house. It was just outside the forest and near a great river.

"The house looked like a tent, but the Indian called it a wigwam. It was made of poles tied together at the top and covered with skins.

"Near the doorway stood a woman waiting to help us. An Indian woman is called a squaw.

"She carried me inside the wigwam and laid me down on a rug.

"Watch followed us and lay down beside me.

"How strange everything looked in that room! There were neither beds, tables, nor chairs, and the only floor was the smooth, hard ground.

"In the middle of the ground was a hole, where a bright fire was burning.

"The smoke rose in clouds from the fire. Some of it went out through an opening at the top of the wigwam, but much of it stayed inside.

"The squaw put some meat over the fire in a kettle, and when it had boiled she brought me some soup.

"It tasted so good that I ate every drop; then I went fast to sleep on the rug."

HOW GRANDPA WAS LOST IN A FOREST—III

pa poose	hung	close	pine
Hi a wa tha	bend	queer	show

"When I awoke the next morning there was no one in sight but a queer little baby.

"The baby was fastened in its cradle, and the cradle hung up on a pole.

"What a queer little cradle that was!

"While I was wondering how it was made, an Indian boy came inside the doorway.

"His hair was straight and black and his skin a very dark red.

"He said his name was White Cloud, and the baby's name was Little Papoose.

"He carried Little Papoose out into the sunshine and hung her cradle on a branch of a tree.

"I followed along very slowly and was glad to find I could walk.

"The squaw was at work in a field near by, but the Indian was not in sight.

"White Cloud said he had gone for my father and would not come back till he found him.

"Pretty soon White Cloud brought me some corn cakes. Then he sat down beside me and talked about the great forest.

"He said he was learning to hunt and to fish and could go a long way without getting lost.

"His father had told him that the tops of the pine trees bend toward the east. This helped him to find his way home.

"Often he sat with his mother at the door of the wigwam, listening to the trees as they whispered together.

"Then she told him many beautiful stories.

"One story was about a wonderful Indian who lived many years before.

"His name was Hiawatha, and every one loved him because he did so many kind things for his people.

"All these and many other things the Indian boy told me as we lay on the grass together.

"Pretty soon Watch began barking and jumping, just as he did in the woods.

"And then my dear father rode in sight with the Indian close beside him.

"That is all of the story, Johnny.

"The squaw gave us a nice warm dinner and early that afternoon we started for home.

"White Cloud let me take his white pony and his father went with us to show us the way.

"White Cloud came to see me many times after that, but after we moved back to the East I never saw or heard from him again."

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

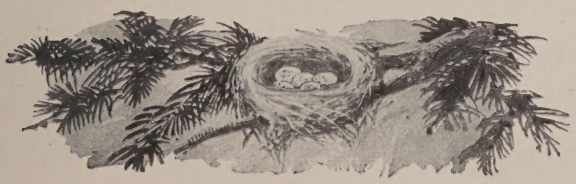
sor row	hush	ju ni per	lose
thrush	joy	med dle	won't

There 's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
He 's singing to me! he 's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world 's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? don't you see?
Hush! look! In my tree,
I 'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest
do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the
tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be!"

LUCY LARCOM.



WHY THE EVERGREEN TREES NEVER LOSE THEIR LEAVES—I

boughs	birch	flown	hold
in deed	un til	might	a mong

Winter was coming and the birds had flown far to the south.

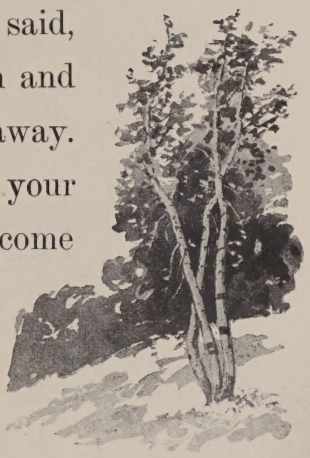
There the air was warm and they could find berries to eat.

But one little bird had broken its wing and could not fly with the others.

It was alone in the cold world of frost and snow.

The forest was not far away and it looked warm, so the bird made its way to the trees as well as it could, to ask for help.

First it came to a birch tree.



"Beautiful birch tree," it said, "one of my wings is broken and my friends have flown away. May I live here among your leaves and branches till they come back to me?"

"No, indeed," answered the birch tree, drawing her fair green leaves away. "We trees of the great forest have too many birds to help. I can do nothing for you."

"The birch tree is not very strong," thought the little bird, "and it may be that she could not hold me. I will ask the oak."

So the bird said, "Great oak tree, you are large and strong; will you let me live on some of your boughs till my friends come back in the springtime?"

"In the springtime!" cried the oak. "That is a long way off.

"How do I know what you might do in all that time? Birds are always looking for something to eat, and you might even eat up some of my pretty acorns."

"It may be that the willow will be kind to me," sighed the tired bird, and it said, "Dear willow, my wing is broken, and I could not fly south with the other birds. May I live on your branches until the merry springtime?"

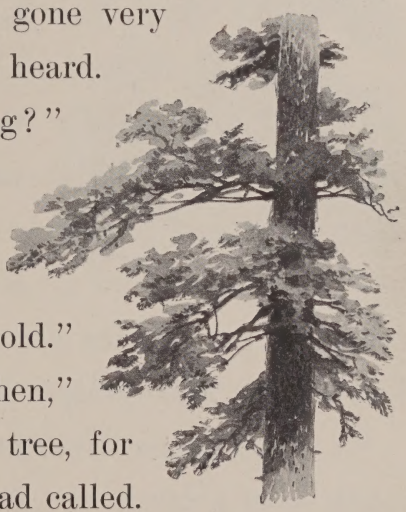
But the willow held her head very high and answered, "Indeed, I do not know you, and we willows never speak to people we do not know. Leave me at once."

Then the poor little bird did not know what to do.

It was not yet strong, but it tried to fly as well as it could.

WHY THE EVERGREEN TREES NEVER LOSE THEIR LEAVES — II

re al ly	kept	warm est	joined
lone ly	frol ic	thick est	friend ly



Before the bird had gone very far a sweet voice was heard.

"Where are you going?" said the voice.

"Indeed, I do not know," sighed the bird, "and I am very, very cold."

"Come right here then," said a friendly spruce tree, for it was her voice that had called.

"You shall live on my warmest branch all winter if you like."

"Oh, will you really let me?" asked the bird.

"Indeed I will," answered the kind-hearted spruce tree. "If your friends have flown away, it is time for the trees to help you.

"Here is a bough where my leaves are thickest and warmest."

A pine tree that stood near now joined in the talk.

"My branches are not very thick," he said, "but I am big and strong, and I will do my best to keep the north wind from you and the spruce."

"I can help, too," said a little juniper tree. "I can give you berries all winter long, and every bird knows that juniper berries are good."

So the spruce tree gave the lonely bird a home, the pine kept the cold north wind away, and the juniper gave it berries to eat.

The other trees in the forest looked on and talked together.

"I would not have strange birds on my boughs," said the birch.

"I will not give away my acorns," said the oak.

"I never have anything to do with birds I do not know," said the willow.

The next morning all the leaves of the birch, the oak, and the willow lay on the ground.

A cold north wind had come in the night, and every leaf that it touched fell to the ground.

"May I blow away all the leaves in the forest?" asked the wind in its frolic.

"No," said the frost king. "The trees that have been kind to the bird with the broken wing may keep their leaves."

And that is the reason the leaves of the spruce, the pine, and the juniper are always green.

FLORENCE HOLBROOK. From *Nature Myths.*

You cannot always look at me,
I am so very bright,
And when I go away from you,
Then comes the dark, dark night.
I give you light and heat as well,
And now please try my name to tell.

MOUFFLOU — I

gen tle man	Lo lo	lame	mas ter
Mouf flou	Tas so	crutch	mon ey

Far away across the sea there lived a little boy named Lolo.

Poor Lolo was lame, and was not strong enough to go to school or run and play with his brothers.

But he was never sad or lonely, for he had a little snow-white dog named Moufflou, and they were always together.

Lolo's home was on the top floor of an old dark house.

His father had died four years before, and his mother worked hard to buy food and clothes for the children.

She had one son named Tasso, who was able to help her.

Tasso was almost a man now.

He had found a place to work in some gardens, and every night he brought home his small pay.

But as the days went by there was one thing that troubled the mother.

In the country where she lived every boy, when he is grown, has to go away and be a soldier.

If she only had the money, she could pay some one to go in Tasso's place.

But the poor mother had no money, and the time was coming before very long when her boy must go.

As yet Lolo and Moufflou knew nothing of this, and so, when Lolo was well, they were happy together.

Sometimes in summer they would go far away into the fields and bring home a basket of wild flowers.

And sometimes they would sit by the door of an old gray church across the street and watch the people as they passed by.

One morning, while sitting there, a gentleman stopped to look at Moufflou.

"You have a very fine dog, my little man," he said.

"Yes, he is beautiful," said Lolo; "but you should see him when he is just washed; then he is as white as snow."

"Can he do any tricks?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, indeed," said Lolo. "He can walk on two legs for ever so long, and he can dance and speak when he wants something to eat."

The gentleman said he should like to see some of the tricks.

So Moufflou did them all, for he had never been frightened nor hurt, and he loved his kind little master.

The gentleman was very much pleased.

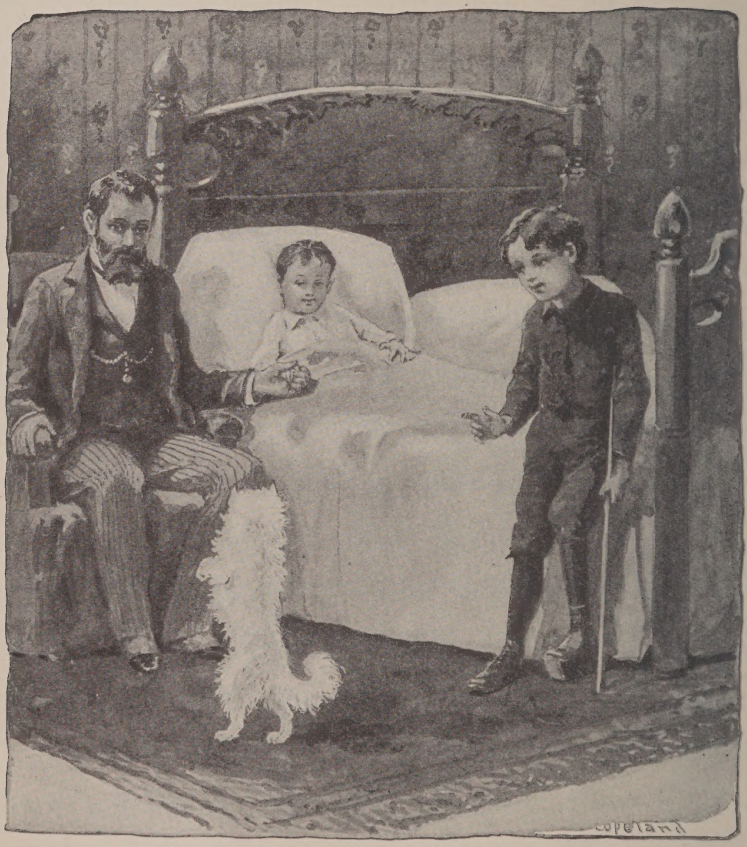
"Would you bring your dog to-morrow to see a sick boy I have at home?" he asked.

Lolo smiled and said he would.

Then the man gave him some money and told the boy where he was staying.

Lolo went hopping home as fast as his little crutch could carry him.

"O mother!" he cried, "see the money a gentleman gave me, and all because Moufflou did his pretty tricks so well. To-morrow we are going to see his little sick boy."



MOUFFLOU — II

clean	aunt	eat en	ill
ho tel	tears	deal	howl

The next afternoon Moufflou was washed nice and clean, and he and Lolo started.

They found the hotel and were taken at once to the gentleman's rooms.

There lay the child too ill to get off his bed.

But he smiled when he saw Lolo's bright face, and he laughed to see the dog's pretty tricks.

"Have him do them all over," he cried again and again, as he tossed them both candy and cakes.

But when it was time for Lolo to go the sick boy began to cry.

"Don't take the dog," he cried. "Please let me have the dog."

"Oh, indeed, I can't," said Lolo. "He is my own dear little Moufflou and I can never let any one have him. But we will come to see you again if you like."

Then they hurried out of the room and down the stairs to the street.

Lolo was happy all the way home.

He had a bag full of candy for his three little brothers, and he was thinking how glad they would be.

But when he opened the door there sat his mother crying as if her very heart would break.

When she could speak, she told Lolo that at last Tasso must be a soldier and in a few days go to the war.

For three long years he would be away, and she did not know what would become of them all.

Tasso was trying to cheer her, but he had been crying, too.

There was nothing Lolo could do, so he and Moufflou went off to bed.

The next morning they followed Tasso to the gardens where he worked.

Lolo loved his brother dearly and wished to be with him all the time that he could.

Moufflou seemed to know that his friends were in trouble, for every little while he gave a long sad howl.

When they went home for dinner the mother told Lolo that his aunt had been there to see him.

She was going to market that afternoon and wished him to come and stay with her children.

So when Lolo had eaten his soup he put on his cap and whistled to Moufflou.

"No," said his mother, "don't take the dog. You know your aunt doesn't like him. Leave him here with me."

"Leave Moufflou!" cried Lolo. "Why, I never leave him, mother. What would he do without me?"

"Yes, you must leave him," said his mother. "You cannot take him to-day; and hurry along, for your aunt is waiting."

So poor Lolo went down the stairs, trying hard to keep back the tears.

But the afternoon passed, and when supper time came he hurried back to his home.

At the foot of the stairs he called: "Moufflou! Moufflou! Where are you, dear Moufflou?"

But no little dog came running down.

When he opened the door he looked all around.

"Mother, where is Moufflou?" he asked.

His mother did not answer at first, but at last she said, without looking up, "Moufflou is sold, Lolo, dear.

"He is sold to the gentleman who has the little sick boy.

"The gentleman came to see me this morning when you and Moufflou were out, and he gave me a great deal of money.

"Just think, he gave me enough to pay some one to go to the war for Tasso."

But the child did not hear her.

While she was speaking he had grown very white.

"Moufflou! my Moufflou sold!" he cried; and before his mother could reach him he had fallen on the floor.

MOUFFLOU—III

fro	worse	giv en	dirt y
cars	wide	qui et	bleed ing

When Tasso came home that sad night he found poor Lolo very ill.

The child kept calling for Moufflou as he tossed to and fro on his bed.

The next day he was very much worse, and the doctor was called in to see him.

He put ice and water on the hot little head and told Tasso to go and get Moufflou.

The gentleman would let them take the dog for a while, and the sight of him might quiet the child.

But at the hotel Tasso learned that the gentleman had gone away on the cars.

He and his son had left early that morning and taken the dog with them.

So day after day poor Lolo grew worse, and the doctor was afraid he would die.

One afternoon they were all sitting beside him.

The windows and doors were open, for the day was very warm.

All was still, so still that you could hear Lolo breathe, when all at once there was a noise of little feet on the stairs, and a dog ran into the room.

It was Moufflou, but you would never have known him.

His pretty white curls were all covered with dust, and his feet were dirty and bleeding.

You could tell he had traveled a long way.

When he jumped on the bed Lolo opened his eyes. "Moufflou!" he whispered, and laid one little hand on the dog's head.

Moufflou pressed close to his master and kissed his little white face. Then very soon Lolo dropped off to sleep.

By and by the doctor came in and said the child was very much better; he might get well after all.

But one morning a man came upstairs, asking if Moufflou was there.

He said they had taken him a long way on the cars, but one day he had run away, and they had never been able to find him.

Tasso asked the man to please let the dog stay until he had seen the gentleman.

Then, taking the money that had been given for Moufflou, he hurried away to the hotel.

He found the little boy in the room with his father and told them both the sad story, — how Lolo had nearly died, and how the dog had found his way back all alone.

"Will you please take back the money?" asked Tasso.

"I will go and be a soldier, if I must, but Moufflou must never leave Lolo again."

Then the gentleman said, "If you will get me another little dog and teach him some of Moufflou's funny tricks, you may keep your dog and the money, too."

It was almost too good to be true.

Tears came into Tasso's eyes. He thanked the gentleman again and again and hurried home to tell Lolo.

So they found another dog and began to teach him Moufflou's tricks.

But often Lolo sits on the floor and looks straight into Moufflou's eyes.

"Tell me, my Moufflou," he says, "how you ever came back to me.

"How did you cross the wide rivers and find your way through the woods?"

Moufflou can never answer, but if he could speak, I think he would say it was because he loved his master so much. OUIDA. (*Adapted.*)

MRS. TABBY GRAY — I

trip	sure	Tab by	lon ger
barn	chest	locked	them selves

Mrs. Tabby Gray with her three little kittens lived on top of the hay in the barn.

One of the kittens was white, one was black, and one was gray just like her mother.

When these three babies first opened their eyes, they were sure there was nothing so beautiful in all the world as their own dear mother.

Mrs. Tabby smiled a little at this, and told them that there were a great many beautiful things in the world.

When they were old enough, they should go up to the big house on the hill and see for themselves.

Every day Mother Tabby went up to the house for her breakfast, dinner and supper, and when she came back she had a nice little story to tell.

"Meat for dinner, my dears," she would say; or, "Ruth and I had a fine frolic together."

When the kittens heard these nice things, they longed for the time when they could go, too.

One day Mother Cat said: "I have found a new home for you, children. It is a large black chest where some old clothes are kept.

"I think we will not wait any longer, but will move up to the house at once."

Then she picked up the black kitten without any more words, and walked right out of the barn.

In the barnyard there was a great noise; for the old white hen had laid an egg and wished every one to know it.

But Mother Cat hurried on without once looking back, and soon dropped her kitten into the chest.

The clothes made such a nice soft bed, and the kitten was so tired after his trip that he soon fell asleep.

Then Mother Tabby hurried off for another little baby.

While she was gone the lady who lived in the house looked into the room.

When she saw the chest was open she closed and locked it, never dreaming there was a baby kitten inside.

MRS. TABBY GRAY — II

ter ri bly	rubbed	key hole	led
scratched	a gainst	un locked	bound

As soon as the lady had gone upstairs, Mrs. Tabby Gray came back with her little white kitten.

When she found the chest was closed she was terribly frightened.

She put the white kitten down and scratched with all her might on the side of the chest; but scratching did no good.

Then she reached up to the keyhole, but that was a great deal too small for even a mouse to pass through.

What was she to do?

She picked up the white kitten and ran to the barn with it.

Then she hurried back to the house and went upstairs to the lady's room.

The lady was playing with her baby.

When Mother Cat saw this she rubbed against her dress and cried: "Me-ow, me-ow! You have your baby and I want mine! Me-ow, me-ow!"

By and by the lady said: "Poor kitty! you must be hungry. Come down to the kitchen and I will give you some milk."

But the cat would not touch the milk.

Then the lady set a bowl of water on the floor, but Mrs. Tabby did not want any water.

She ran to and fro crying and mewing, until at last the lady followed her.

The cat led the way straight to the chest.

"What can be the matter?" thought the lady as she unlocked the chest.

When she lifted the top, in jumped Mother Cat with such a bound that her little black kitten waked up with a start.

"Oh, my dear child," said Mrs. Tabby Gray; "I have been so terribly frightened about you."

And before the kitten could say a word she picked him up and started for the barn.

The sun was bright in the barnyard, and the hens were still there, but Mother Tabby never stopped.

When she was safe on the hay with her three little kittens, she told them that the barn was the best place for a home after all.

MAUD LINDSAY.

SWEET AND LOW

low	west ern	breast
thee	roll ing	dy ing

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one; sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FUNNY LITTLE TADPOLES—I

jel ly	poured	dip	mile
dip per	tad poles	pond	frogs

One Saturday Fred came out of the house, whistling merrily as he walked along.

In one hand he carried a pail, and in the other a dipper.

Will saw him from across the street.

"Hello," he called; "where are you going?"

"Fishing," said Fred, as he whistled away.

"Where is your fishing pole?" asked Will.

"Here," laughed Fred, as he held up the dipper.

"May I go with you?" asked Will.

"Yes," said Fred, "come along."

After they had followed the road for nearly a mile, the boys crossed a field.

By and by they came to a pond of green water.

"Why can't you tell me what you are after?" asked Will, as he watched Fred taking off his stockings and shoes.

"Because," answered Fred, "if you keep your eyes open, you will find out for yourself."

"May I fish, too?" asked Will.

"I am afraid you wouldn't know my kind of fish if you should see them," said Fred; "and besides there is only one dipper."

Then, telling Will to keep out of the mud, he began picking his way in the pond.

Every now and then he stopped to dip up something which he poured into his pail.

Pretty soon he came back and sat down on the ground to put on his shoes.

"Where are you going now?" asked Will.

"Going home," said Fred.

Will's face fell. "I thought you were going fishing," he said.

"Well, I have been fishing," laughed Fred. "Didn't you see me? Now look into this pail and see if you know what I have caught."

Will peeped into the pail.

"I don't see anything," he said, "but some dirty jelly full of black dots."

"Well, those little dots are my fish," said Fred. "If you watch a few days, you will find they can swim as fast as any fish you ever caught."

"But what are they now?" asked Will.

"Eggs," said Fred; "and I am going to take them home where we can watch them grow into little tadpoles, and then into toads and frogs."

FUNNY LITTLE TADPOLES — II

stuff	doz ens	short er	tails
quick	sis ters	be came	stron ger

When the boys reached home they went straight to the barn.

Fred poured into a pan all that was in the pail, and set the pan in a big sunny window.

"What is that stuff that looks like jelly?" asked Will.

"That is something the mother frogs and toads put there for their babies to eat, before they are big enough to find food for themselves," answered Fred.

"Won't it be fun to see the tadpoles eat?" asked Will.

"I guess you will think so before we are through with them," said Fred.

After that Will stayed in the barn much of the time.

Day by day he watched the tiny eggs grow.

Then one afternoon he ran into the house where Fred sat studying.

"Come quick," he said; "your tadpoles are alive. I saw them swim in the pan."

And sure enough, when Fred went to look, there were dozens of small tadpoles swimming about.

Such queer little things as they were with their big heads and long tails!

Before very long the jelly was all eaten, and Fred put some tiny pieces of meat in the pan.

"For," he told Will, "if we don't feed them, the big ones will eat up the little ones."

The tadpoles grew very fast, and soon they each had four little legs.

As their legs grew longer and stronger, their tails became shorter and shorter.

And one morning, when Will went into the barn, there were no more tadpoles swimming about in the pan, but dozens of small frogs and toads hopping about on the floor.

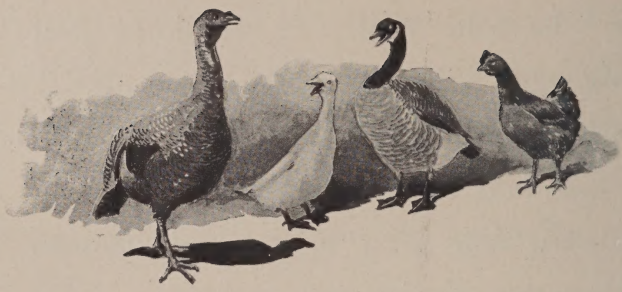
Fred said they were better off out of doors.

So he put them into a basket, and carried them down to the pond, where he left them with their brothers and sisters.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY. (*Adapted.*)

Two eyes and only one mouth have we.
The reason I think must be,
That we are not to talk about
Everything we see.

Two ears and only one mouth have we.
The reason is very clear,—
That we are not to talk about
Everything we hear.



THE TURKEY'S NEST — I

goose	health	proud er	hide
though	her self	hay stack	pile

One day an old turkey hen went out to find a place to make her nest.

She went a long way and took a long time, but when at last she found what she liked, she said to herself:

"They may go to the East, and go to the West,
But they 'll never be able to find my nest."

And she was so proud of herself that she walked all the way home to the barnyard with her head in the air.

Her friends, the Gray Goose, the White Duck and the Brown Hen, were waiting for her, and when they saw her coming they called out, "Where in the world did you make your nest?"

"Guess," said the turkey hen.

"Well," said the Gray Goose, "when I make my nest I always try to get near the water, for there is nothing so good for my health as water; so I'll guess the goose pond."

"Right," cried the Duck; "the pond is the place."

"I don't think so," said the Brown Hen. "There is nothing better than hay for one's health; so I'll guess the haystack."

But though they did their very best,
They never could guess where she'd made her nest.

And the turkey grew prouder and prouder as she walked about the barnyard.

One day Grandfather Hunt said, "That old turkey hen has made herself a nest somewhere."

"I think I can find it," said Gertrude.

"I am sure I can find it," said Paul.

"No, I'll find it," said Fred. "She can't hide her nest from me."

So they all started out to find the nest.

Gertrude ran down to the meadow and looked among the tall grasses and bushes.

But though she did her very best,
She could n't find the turkey's nest.

Paul went over the hill to the flour mill; then round by the goose pond, where he found the Gray Goose and the White Duck taking a swim.

But though he did his very best,
He could n't find the turkey's nest.

Fred began at home to look. First he peeped under the barn, and then back of the wood pile and haystack.

But though he did his very best,
He could n't find the turkey's nest.

THE TURKEY'S NEST — II

turn	twelve	hatched	rail
meet	crook	cor ner	fence

The next day Aunt Mary said she guessed she could find the nest, so she went out into the garden and sat down under a tree, just as quiet as she could be.

By and by the turkey hen came along.

She saw Aunt Mary and Aunt Mary saw her, but neither of them said a word.

The turkey walked round and round in the garden, just as if she was n't thinking about anything at all; but at last she went through the gate into the road.

Then Aunt Mary followed her as still as a mouse, and the turkey

Went up the hill and down the hill,
And through the fields and by the mill,
And down across the meadow brook,
By many a turn and many a crook.
She went to the East and she went to the West,
But she never went near her hidden nest.

"I 'll give up," said Aunt Mary; and the old turkey hen was prouder than ever.

"Now I guess it is my turn," said grandfather; so early one morning he started out to look for the nest.

"He will find it if any one can," said Paul.

Grandfather was gone so long and the children grew so tired of waiting, that at last they ran down the road to meet him.

And when he saw them he called out:

"I tell you I have done my best,
But I can't find that turkey's nest."

And the turkey hen grew prouder and prouder.

She stayed at her nest, wherever it was, nearly all the time now, and only came to the barnyard when she wanted something to eat.

The Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen said they would n't be surprised at anything she did.

But they were surprised, and so were the children, when one morning she walked into the yard with twelve little turkeys, as fine as you please.

"Just look at my children," she said. "I hatched them all out in my nest *down in the corner of the old rail fence.*"

And she whispered to herself:

"I tell you what, I did my best,
When I found that place to make my nest."

MAUD LINDSAY.

CLOVERS

trim	lawns	cares	pray ers
sinks	dawns	clo vers	live long

The clovers have no time to play:
They feed the cows and make the hay,
And trim the lawns, and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake and wash their hands in dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the livelong day,
For clovers have no time to play.

HELENA LEEMING JELLIFFE.

THE PERFECT LILY—I

lil y	love ly	be hind	gift
bulb	swift ly	pre cious	arms

One night, when the great round moon was sailing across the sky, an angel peeped from behind a golden cloud.

Before any one knew what was to happen, he came swiftly to earth and laid a tiny lily bulb in Mother Earth's arms.

Mother Earth smiled as she pressed the little bulb to her breast.

Looking up into the lovely face of the angel, she said, "The King in the far-away country has sent me one of his flower children that I may take care of it for him. Tell him I thank him for his precious gift."

Then the angel left the earth as swiftly as he came.

THE PERFECT LILY — II

bod y	tall er	a right	pat ter ing
ought	per fect	like ness	pur pose

When the people saw the tiny lily bulb in Mother Earth's arms, they were very happy.

Every time they passed its little earth home they clapped their hands and cried, "Oh, see how it is growing!"

But the lily bulb did not know that he was growing.

All he did was to lie very quietly in his mother's arms, while she held him close and gave him his food.

But by and by he was strong enough to reach up and catch the dancing sunbeams as they played about him.

Then he saw that he was growing taller every day.

When the wind blew he would bend his little body and whisper softly to Mother Earth, "Thank you, dear mother, for giving me the food that is helping me to grow."

To the bright and shining sun he would say, "Thank you, dear sun, for you, too, are helping me to grow."

And when the raindrops came pattering down he said "Thank you" again, for he knew he could not grow at all unless the raindrops were willing to help.

At last he grew so tall that he began to think about himself, and wonder what he was going to be.

The more he thought, the more he wondered.

So one day he said, "Dear Mother Earth, please tell me what I am going to be."

Mother Earth gave him a loving smile and answered, "My dear little plant child, you are going to be a lily, — a beautiful lily with a heart of gold.

"When the King gave you to your Earth Mother that is what he wished you to become.

"But now that you know the King's purpose in sending you here, you must work every day yourself if you wish to grow aright.

"So at last when the King looks into your face, as he will some day, he will say, 'This flower child, which I sent to Mother Earth, has become a perfect lily.'"

After this talk with Mother Earth, the little plant thought a great deal.

"A perfect lily! I wonder what it is like!" he said to himself many times. "If I could only see a perfect lily, then I could tell how I ought to grow."

Kind Mother Earth seemed to know his thoughts, for one day she said, "Come, my child, I will show you a Perfect Lily."

Then she showed him what she loved above all else.

"See!" she said softly; "this is the Perfect Lily which the King in the far-away country sent long ago. Look at it often and try to grow in its likeness."

So day by day the plant child watched the beautiful flower.

And, as he looked upon it, he loved it more and more, saying ever as he grew, "I will be like the Perfect Lily."

MARY E. HUTCHESON. (*Adapted.*)

APPENDIX

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

A key to the diacritical marking used in the Word List

I. VOWELS

ā as in fāte		ė as in ėvent		ȯ as in ȯbey	
å " senåte		ĕ " mĕt		ŏ " nŏt	
ă " făt		ē " hēr		o͞o " fo͞od	
ä " ärm		ī " īce		o͝o " fo͝ot	
ạ " ạll		ĭ " ĭdea		ū " ūse	
å " åsk		ĭ " ĭt		ŭ " ŭnite	
â " câre		ĭ " sĭr		ŭ " ŭp	
ē " mēte		ō " ōld		û " fûr	

II. EQUIVALENTS

ạ = ŏ as in whạt	ọ = o͞o as in wọlf	ụ = o͝o as in pụll
ê = â " thêre	ȯ = ŭ " sȯn	ȳ = ī " flȳ
ĭ = ē " gĭrl	ô = ạ " hôrse	y̆ = ĭ " babẏ̆
o̤ = o͞o " mo̤ve	u̱ = o͞o " ru̱le	

III. CONSONANTS

ç (= s) as in miçe		th (unmarked)	as in thin
e or c (unmarked)	as in eạll	ph (= f)	" phantom
eh (= k)	" sehō͞ol	s̱ (= z)	" ĭs̱
ch (unmarked)	" child	z (like s sonant)	" zone
ġ (= j)	" cāġe	qu (unmarked)	" quite
g̱ (hard)	" g̱ĕt	x̱ (= gz)	" ex̱act
n̲ (= ng)	" ĭn̲k	x (unmarked)	" vex
t̲h	" t̲hĕm		

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, ạ, ẹ, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST

ā′ble
à bȯve′
Ā′brȧ hăm
Lĭn′cȯln
à crȯss′
à frāid′
åft ĕr nōōn′
à gainst′
(ĕ)
à līve′
ạl′mōst
à lōne′
à lŏng′
ạl′sō
à mȯng′
ān′ġĕl
ăn′ĭ mạls
ăn ȯth′ĕr
ăn′swĕr
a′nў thĭng
(ĕ)
a′nў wāy
(ĕ)
À pŏl′lō
à rīght′
à rīse′
ärms

à round′
à sīde′
äunt
à wāit′ĭng
à wāke′
à wāk′en

băg
bâre
bärk
bärn
bēast
bė cāme′
bė cạuse′
bė cȯme′
bė găn′
bė gĭn′
bė hīnd′
bė lŏnged′
bĕnd
bĕr′rĭes
bė sīde′
bĕt′tĕr
bĭrch
blăck′smĭth

blādes
blăn′kĕt
blēed′ĭng
blew
(ū)
bŏd′ў
bôrn
bōth
boughs
bound
bow
brȧnch
brĕast
brēathe
brĭdġ′ĕs
brīght′lў
brĭng
brôught
bŭg
bŭg′gў
bŭlb
Bŭn′nў
bûrn′ĭng
bush′ĕs

cāġe

căp
câres
cärs
căs′tle
căt
cạught
cāve
chānġed
chĕst
clăp
clēan
clēar
clĭp′pĕt ў
clōse
clōthes
clō′vĕrs
Clў′tĭe
cōal
cŏn tĕnt′
cōōl
côr′nĕr
coŭn′trĭes
crēep
crĭck′ĕts
crīed

crŏŏk
crŏss
crŭtch
crȳ
cûrlṣ

därk
därk′ĕr
dạwnṣ
dāy′lī*gh*t
dē*a*l
dē*ar*′lў
dew
(ū)
dī*e*
dĭm′pled
dĭp
dĭp′pĕr
dĭrt′ў
dŏc′tọr
dȯne
dōor′wā*y*
dŏt
dȯth
dȯz′enṣ
drā*i*n
drē*a*m
drīv′ĭng
drō*v*e
drȳ

dŭst
dȳ′ĭng

ē*a*ch
ĕ*ar*′lў
ĕ*ar*th′wȯrm
ĕ*ar*th′ў
ē*a*st
ē*at*′e*n*
ĕlse
ĕnd
ė̆ no*u*̆gh
(f)
*E*ū ġēne′ F*i*ēld
ē′ve*n*
ē′ve*n* ĭng
ĕv′ĕr ў thĭng
e*y*̄eṣ

fā*ç*e
fâ*i*r
fâ*i*r′ў
fâ*i*r′ў lănd
fā*i*th′fụl
fạll′e*n*
fär′thĕr
fȧs *tened*
fē*a*st
Fĕb′rụ ă rў
fēet

fĕl*l*
fĕnç*e*
fĕrnṣ
fĭd′dleṣ
fĭl*l*′ĭng
flōor
flō*w*n
flŭt′tĕr ĭng
fōld
fŏl′lo*w*ed
fŏr′ĕst
fŏr gŏt′
fŏr gŏt′te*n*
fôr′tu̇ne
frē*e*
Frī′dā*y*
fri*e*̆nd′lў
fri*e*̆ndṣ
frō
frŏgṣ
frŏl′ĭc
fru̇its
fụl*l*

gāte
găth′ĕr
ġĕn′tle mạn
gĭft
gĭv′e*n*
*g*nạ*w*

gōōse
grō′çĕr
gu*e*̆ss
gu*ī*de
gŭt′tĕr

hăm′mĕred
hănds
hăp′pe*n*
härsh
hă*t*ched
hā*y*
hā*y*′stăck
hĕ*a*lth
he*ä*rt
hē*a*t
hĕ*a*v′e*n*
hĕld
hĕr sĕlf′
Hī à wạ′thȧ
hĭd′de*n*
hīde
hĭl*l*
hĭl*l*′sīde
hĭm sĕlf′
hōld
hŏŏk
hôrse′shọe
hŏs′pĭ tạl
hŏ tĕl′

how ĕv′ĕr
howl
hŭng
hŭnt
hŭr′rĭed
hŭr′rў
hŭsh

Ī ′*ll*
ĭ*ll*
ĭn dēed′
ĭn′sīde
i ron
(ī′ŭrn)

jĕl′lў
joined
joy
joy′fu̇l lў
jū′nĭ pĕr

kĕpt
kē*y*′hōle
kĭng
kĭssed
kĭtch′ĕn
*k*new
(nū)
*k*nŏcked
*k*nōwn

lăd′dĕr
lād′*en*
lā′dў
lā*id*
lāme
lămps
lăp
lärġe
lăst
la̤*w*nṣ
lēaf
lĕd
lĕ*d*ġ′ĕṣ
lĕg
līe
lĭft′ĕd
lī*gh*t
līke̤′nĕs*s*
lĭl′ў
lī′ȯn
lĭs′*te*n
lĭve′lŏng
lŏcked
lŏg
Lō′lo̤
lōne′lў
lŏn̲′gĕr
lo̤ṣe
lŏst
loud′ĕr

lȯve′lў
lō*w*
lus cious
(lŭsh′ŭs)

märk
mär′kĕt
mȧs′tĕr
măt′tĕr
mē*a*l
mē*a*t
mĕd′dle
mēet
mĕr′rĭ lў
mĕt
mew
(mū)
mī*gh*t
mīle
mĭll′ĕr
mīne
mīn′ĕr
Mĭs*s*
mōldṣ
mȯn′e̤ў
mo͞o
mo͞on
môrn′ĭng-glō rў
mŏss′ĕṣ
mōst
Mo̤*u*f′flo̤*u*

mouth
mo̤veṣ
mŭd-pīeṣ′
mū′ṣĭc
mŭs′kĕts
mў sĕlf′

nē*a*r′lў
nē*i*′thĕr
nĕxt
nŏd′dĕd
noiṣe
nôr
Nō′rȧ
nȯth′ĭng

ō′*e*r
ŏf′*te*n
ōld′ĕr
ōn′lў
ō′rĭ ōle
ô*ugh*t
our sĕlveṣ′
out′sīde
ō vĕr hĕ*a*d′
ō vĕr tŏps′

pā*i*l
pȧ po͞ose′
pȧss′ĭng

pȧst
păt′ṭĕr ĭng
pā*y*
pĕr′fĕct
pĕt′a̲l̤s̤
pīl*e*
pīn*e*
plĕn′tў
plow
pō′ĕt rў
pōle̤s̤
pŏnd
pō′nў
po̊ tā′to̊
pō*u*red
prâ*y*er̤s̤
pre cious
(prĕsh′ŭs)
prĕs*s*ed
pret′tĭ ĕr
(I)
pret′tĭ ĕst
(I)
prĭnç*e*
proud
proud′ĕr
pûr′po̊se

quēēr
quĭck
quī′ĕt
quĭlts

rā*i*l
răp
rē*a*ch
rē′a̲l lў
rē*a*′s̤on
re̊ mĕm′bĕr
rĕst
rĭv′ĕr
rōad
rōad′sīde
rō*a*r
rōde
rōl′ĭng
rōōm
rōpe
round
rŭb*b*ed
rŭb′bĕr
rŭg
rŭst

săd
sāf*e*
scră*t*ched
Scrē*a*′kạw
sēa̲s̤
sēek
sēem
sĕlf′ĭsh
sĕl*l*

sĕt
sews̤
(ō)
shĕl*l*s̤
shīn′ў
shŏŏk
shōr*e*
shôrt′ĕr
shō*w*
sĭck
sīde
sī*gh*
sī*gh*t
sĭl′vĕr
sĭnç*e*
sĭn̲ks
sĭs′tĕrs̤
skīe̤s̤
skĭn
slō*w*′lў
sma̤*l*l
smīle
smōke
smōōth
snō*w*′ў
sŏft′lў
so̊n
sŏr′ro̊*w*
spē*a*k
sprĕ*a*d
squa̤w
stärs̤
stärt′ĕd
stĕm
stĭck′ў
stĭl*l*
stŏŏd
strā*igh*t
strānġ*e*
strēet
strŏn̲′gĕr
stŭd′ĭed
stŭd′ў
stŭf*f*
sŭch
sŭng
sŭp′pĕr
sur*e*
(sh)
sûr prīs̤ed′
swa̤l′lo̊*w*ed
swĭft′lў
swĭm

Tăb′bў
tā′bl*e*
tăd′pōle̤s̤
tā*i*l̤s̤
tāk′*e*n
ta̤*l*k′ĭng

tạl*l*′ĕr
tăp
Tăs′sŏ
tē*a*ch
tē*ar*ṣ
tēeth
tĕnt
tĕr′rĭ blў
th*ē*e
thĕm sĕlv*e*ṣ′
thĭck′ĕst
thō*s*e
thō*ugh*
thrĕ*a*d
thro*ugh*
thrŭsh
tī*e*d
tĭl*l*
tĭn
tĭnts
tŏd′dlĭng
to ge̊th′ĕr
tŏŏk
tŏp
to*u*ch
tō′*w*ård
town
toy*s*
trăv′ĕled
trĕm′blĭng
trĭcks
trī*e*d
trĭm
trĭp
tro*u*′ble
trou′ṣĕrṣ
trout
trŭn′dle-bĕd
truth
try̆′ĭng
tūn*e*
tûrn
twĕlv*e*
twĭgṣ

ŭn fōld′ĕd
ŭn lĕss′
ŭn lŏck*e*d′
ŭn tĭl′
ūṣ*e*d

vīn*e*

wā*i*t
wål*l*
wårm′ĕst
wåtch
wĕl*l*
wĕst
wĕst′ĕrn
whåt ĕv′ĕr
whĭch ĕv′ĕr
whīl*e*
whĭs′pĕr*e*d
*wh*o̊s*e*
wīd*e*
wĭg′wåm
wĭth out′
wo̊m′ån
wo̊n′dĕr
wo̊n′dĕr fu̇l
wōn't
wō*r*e
world
worse (û)
*wr*ōte (û)

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